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THORN COTTAGE,  
A  
MEMORIAL  
OF  
FREDERICK KNIGHT.







THORN COTTAGE,

OR

THE POET'S HOME.

A

MEMORIAL

OF

FREDERICK KNIGHT, ESQ.,

OF

ROWLEY, MASS.

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BOSTON:

PRESS OF CROCKER AND BREWSTER,  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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It is not the man of business, surrounded from morning to night with its ceaseless din, who can hardly stay to notice the flowers which adorn the pathway of life, and perhaps tramples them under foot, in his hasty course—nor yet the youthful aspirant for literary fame, flushed with past success, and looking forward with triumphant confidence to a long and brilliant career, whose eye will be attracted by these simple memorials of an unfortunate son of genius.

But will not the Christian, who professes to be a follower of Him who would not “break the bruised reed,” recognise in the subject of this sketch a silent and humble but as we trust a sincere disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus? And will not he, who has known what it is to shrink with the sensitiveness peculiar to genius from too



rough contact with an unfeeling world, pay the tribute of sympathy to the memory of one who was only prevented by such sensitiveness, unhappily fostered by the influences of early education, from becoming well-known and appreciated in the world of letters ; who, like Scott's Wilfrid,

"docile, soft and mild,  
Was Fancy's wild and wayward child.

. . . . .  
She, in some distant lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,  
Bathed in her dews his languid head,  
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread—  
For him her opiates gave to flow,  
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego ;  
And placed him in her circle free  
From every stern reality—  
Till, to thè visionary seem,  
Her day-dreams Truth—and Truth a dream."

And may we not be permitted to borrow from the touching and truthful melodies of the "Harp of the North," the following warning to those who are entrusted with the fearful responsibility of training such minds :

"O teach him while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past—  
Remind him of each wish pursued,

How rich it glowed with promised good ;  
 Remind him of each wish enjoyed,  
 How soon his hopes possession cloyed—  
 Tell him we play unequal game,  
 Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;  
 And e'er he strip him for her race,  
 Show the conditions of the chase."\*

Nothing could have been more repugnant to the unfeigned humility for which the subject of this sketch was so remarkable, than to associate his name with that of the gifted bard who, on the banks of the Ouse, in chosen retirement from a busy world, poured forth strains which have, for more than half a century, animated the faith of the Christian, kindled the aspirations of genius, and soothed with their touching harmonies the agonies of the broken heart. Yet who can fail to be reminded, by the untiring devotion of our poet to the comfort of the aged widow, with whom for the last ten years of his life he found a home, of the close friendship which subsisted between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. Enduring with uncomplaining patience the trials with which such a life must necessarily be attended, to one of his temperament and education, he continued to fulfil the duties

\*Rokeby, Canto 1st.

assigned him by providence, until death released him, leaving his aged friend desolate and solitary.

The many regrets expressed during his illness, on account of his misimproved time and talents, induced the wish, on the part of some of his friends, to select, from the numerous manuscripts which he left, some few memorials of his genius and taste, together with some extracts from his miscellaneous writings.

## CHAPTER I.

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FREDERICK KNIGHT, Esq., the subject of this sketch, was born in Hampton, N. H., Oct. 9, 1791. His mother dying when he was very young, he was taken, with his elder brother, to the residence of his maternal grandfather,\* in Rowley, Mass., where they had for many years a delightful home. In reverting to that period, he thus expresses himself:

“How happy was my childhood’s home,  
The days before I learned to roam—  
The friends and kindred there who came,  
All dear to worth and some to fame—  
Their smiles were like the beams of day,  
Their voices like the birds at play—  
There stands the tree, and there the grove,  
So dear to friendship and to love—  
But home, and friends and grove and tree  
Live but in memory now to me.”

The love of nature was early developed in both the brothers. “The house of my grandfather,” says the elder, “was embosomed in trees of his

\*Dr. Nathaniel Cogswell.

own planting, with long avenues on each side, where the singing birds, waked by the dawn, filled the whole air with life and melody. It was delightful to sit and watch the spreading button-wood-tree, through whose tall branches, swaying and shadowing down into the window above, the annual goldfinch, darting like a ball of fire, would drop into his hanging nest, or sit high-hid amid the broad green leaves, pouring out his rich and prolonged descant over his brooding mate;—or at decline of sun, to walk out back of the garden, to the Gilead Grove, there to sit upon the sylvan seats built, like the temple of old, without the noise of hammer, grooved and deep-grown into the trunks of the many-lettered trees, and moralize upon the various fates of those whose names were briefly immortalized in the smooth rind around; or to watch the beauteous birds flitting and chirping over their unmolested nests; the droning bee, poised in the red honeysuckle, and the freckled butterfly, wafting her light body across the clear soft sunshine, here and there touching and balancing her broad thin vans upon the top of a tall tremulous spire of grass.”

In the family of Dr. Cogswell were happily united the embellishments of polished life and the simplicity of rural occupation. Here were to be found stores of intellectual wealth, and much to charm the imagination and delight the eye, in the profusion of gifts, coming from time to time across

the waters—tokens of the love of a devoted son, residing in a foreign land.

A taste for natural scenery seems to have been inherent in the two brothers—their earliest associations with their father being connected with a little meandering stream in Rowley woods, where “we amused ourselves,” says the elder, “in picking up the long strings of evergreens which were half concealed amid the tangled reeds and brake I remember being taken by my father, when we were very little boys, to his own Wicomb Spring, there to slumber all night upon the yellow leaves of Autumn.” Of the vividness of these impressions upon their youthful minds, as they walked hand in hand, in these romantic solitudes, we may form some idea from the lines that follow, which were composed by the elder brother.\*

“Low murmuring gales brush through the leafless trees,  
Acquiring compass like the distant seas,  
Folding gay draperies o’er the cherish’d spot,  
While echo’s voice responds within the grot.  
For Windsor’s forest, nor sweet Auburn’s bowers,  
Nor Cooper’s hill, nor Clifton grove in flowers,  
Can boast more tufted knolls, more mossy glens,  
More wild deep-warbling nooks, more chiming fens,  
Or more to feast the ear or taste can bring,  
Than thou—old Rowley Woods—lov’d *Wicomb Spring!*”

The death of their father, which took place while they were yet in their boyhood, greatly en-

\*Rev. H. C. Knight.

deared this spot in their after-life. It formed a part of their patrimonial inheritance, and they were often seen with the arm of each around the neck of the other, bending their steps toward this woodland retreat. Even the rustling of the forest leaves fell upon the ear of our poet like sweet melody, and the little streamlet in the midst of the surrounding forest became a source of high enjoyment, and received from him the name of "Paradise Spring." Sitting upon its bank, new charms presented themselves, as portrayed in a little poem, entitled

"SONG TO PARADISE BROOK."

" Say, what is this unwearied waste,  
This ever bright, exhaustless tide ?  
By reproduction still replaced,  
By other drops its bed supplied ?

'Tis of Thyself—thou givest all,  
All in thy service thus employed ;  
Thou see'st them ceaseless rise and fall,  
But not returning vain or void.

These water wreaths within thee strown,  
Made by the naiads going down,  
The floating pharos sinking low,  
Lighting the way with lamps below.

The lily-stem, whose flower, with grace,  
Floats gently on the water's face ;  
How fine those little particles,  
So nicely balanced in their bells ;

That quiver on their pointed ends,  
 And tremble as the lily bends.  
 These gems, if gathered as they greet,  
 And but inserted as they meet,  
 How rich the page, how full the sheet !

The following brief tribute to the memory of the father, is given by the elder son :

" I mourn a Friend to guide my erring youth  
 To honest fame in his own path of truth.  
 Thine was a soul not narrowed to a span,  
 Which scorned to do the thing beneath a man.  
 Wert thou ambitious or by fortune wooed ?  
 Not to be great but only to be good.  
 Sweet peace, my Father ! loved by all and blest,  
 But most by those who knew thy virtues best."

He regarded education as of greater value than any pecuniary advantage, and the patrimony accruing to his three sons, (the younger of them, a half brother, who is still living,) was, at his earnest request, devoted to this object.

The fraternal affection, which subsisted between the two brothers after the decease of their father, is thus delineated by the same pen :

" O how I joy to muse on, arm in arm,  
 While throbbing love and awed devotion warm ;—  
 Awe to my God—affection to another.  
 Frederick, to thee, my own congenial brother !  
 For thou alone my venturous strains wilt hear,  
 And while all scorn or pity, thou wilt cheer.  
 Thou art the favored rival of my lays,  
 Who sing'st unenvied and deserv'st my praise ;—



Thou know'st the frenzies of the sons of song ;  
 Their pride of right, their jealousy of wrong ;  
 The throbbing temple and the burning eye,  
 The sinking of the heart, the wasting sigh ;  
 The starts in bed, the peaceful sleep denied,  
 The nervous hand and twinges in the side.  
 Thou know'st them seldom born to get or save ;  
 Perchance their shattered *Harp* is all they have !  
 Oft from the busy world they turn in pain,  
 To sing their fluttered spirits calm again.  
 Titles, wealth, power, they are content to lose,  
 For one kind answer of the maiden muse.  
 Once, such thy brother ! ere all-sobering truth  
 Broke through the gay-wove visions of his youth—  
 Once his vain wish, when to his burial gone,  
 That his fond *Harp* were graven on his stone.  
 But, if redeemed and raised where seraphs glow,  
 And twin-like spirits may each other know ;  
 Then loftier breathings must engage the ear,  
 Tuned to the hymnings of a holier sphere."

In the years 1808 and 1809, after the usual preparatory course, they entered Harvard University, but the same want of decision which characterized their after-life, prevented them from receiving the honors of their Alma Mater. "I could not find," says the elder, "the right branch of the tree of knowledge by which to climb up. I seemed, as Burns says of himself, 'unfitted with an aim.'" I began to find out, that both my brother and myself had too much sensibility and too little sense. I was ever in my study, but gave myself too much to general reading, and instead of diagrams of

geometry, was found pondering a heavy quarto of Pliny. I was prompt at each college exercise, but poetry was my easily besetting sin. I sent some translations to the Anthology, amid whose balmy leaves my brother had often warbled—and at the end of my freshman year, I had written a volume for the press. I began to write before I had learned to think, and began to publish before I had learned to write. I wished I could stray into the wilderness, where there was no breeze of Parnassus nor any rill of Helicon.

“I was *among* the students but not *of* them. In college we find as wide a difference of mental and moral as of corporeal physiognomies. There are some who seem to possess knowledge by intuition, there are others to whose nature nurture will not adhere. The germs of some minds, like the violet, blossom spontaneously with beautiful but transient productions; those of others, slow and almost hopeless in their budding, at last yield nothing of consequence; while the few, like the cedar in the cliff, gradually rise in the mightiness of their strength. While some at midnight have their spirits awake, holding deep communion with the sages of other years, others, of more sensation than reflection, lounge off at early eve to their slumbers, with no spirit warring against the flesh. While some are preparing to hold even the scales of justice on the bench or to thunder conviction in

the Senate chamber, there are others in some hidden conclave of blasphemous dissipation.

“ Sometimes, when I mused on myself and on others of my own age, the comparison was so imperceptibly wide that I was lost in the interval. Obstacles to literary ambition multiplied upon me. Few authors succeed in this country except compilers, and yet an author who draws ten pages of rich matter from his own brain has more merit than one who extracts ten hundred from another. One has modified, the other has created ; one has given a new body, the other a new soul. I do wish that authors had more confidence in their own individual tastes, and were not so easily frightened by a dissecting review. This yielding up to one standard and modeling to another’s fancy, destroys all the freshness of originality. No mocking birds for me ; give me to listen to the wood-notes wild. There are a hundred that are thus made to write verse, who can never write poetry. Confidence is necessary in a young author. Nothing will so damp the fervour of enterprise as a self-distrust of ability ; at the same time this distrust is often a pleasing evidence of sufficiency.

“ But, after all, what is literary ambition ? It is like trying to take hold of a slippery ball. It is a melancholy idea, that not only one’s own works may not survive his present existence, but that even the most immortal, Homer and Virgil and Pindar, Shakespeare and Milton and Spencer,

must perish with this earth—that their writings are limited to time. Some wish to get upon the top-round of ambition's ladder without the knowledge of others. They must not be startled at the approach of Fame, knowing her to be a shadow. Alas, I am sorrowful concerning them. The high road to fame is exceedingly thronged and the by-paths are not easily found—if found by those who press through the crowd, why, what then?

“Fame is a bitter blast—a head wind, that blows directly in one's face, chilly and cold. To be famous is like stirring up the dust and travelling in the midst of it. An ambitious life is a life of perpetual perplexity and unsparing anxiety. How many are out of breath in their course and fall by the way-side, and how many adventitious attacks arrest us in our progress. With such thoughts I now renounced poetry. When one writes, he should be sure to touch the heart, or the head at least. The touchstone of one's own heart is perhaps generally true, when its native influence is permitted, not controlled. Let imagination originate and complicate, and let fancy delineate and decorate.

“My favorite study was criticism; now I loved to turn the pages of heathen mythology, and now to bend over the pure spring of nature; now to fabricate a marvellous tale, and now to delineate a natural one. I never liked mere description,

were it ever so picturesque—it called up no emotions. To describe still life, is marking the properties and beauties of a bird on the perch; but to investigate the mutable customs and passions of men, one must possess the happy dexterity and native acumen of discerning the peculiarities of the bird on the wing.

“At college attachments are formed which last through life, but my habits were too much like those of a recluse.”

But notwithstanding these peculiarities, which in a degree marked the characters of the two brothers, they were much esteemed and respected by their classmates. The warm and faithful friendship which subsisted between Mr. Frederick Knight and one of his fellow-students in the Law School, does honor to the hearts of both. We shall have occasion hereafter to advert to this unusual instance of personal attachment, which was unbroken by the lapse of time and unimpaired by change of circumstances. This gentleman, on receiving intelligence of his death, thus writes:—“I feel sensibly the loss of my friend Knight, than whom a more guileless man never lived. I was on the most intimate terms with him for two years in Litchfield, Con., where we attended the law lectures of Judges Reeve and Gould, and I never knew any one so entirely free from all the follies of youth—so perfectly correct in his deport-

ment and in all the social relations of life. There were then more than one hundred students—some from every state in the Union—many of whom were talented young men; some have since filled distinguished positions in public life; and he was regarded as inferior to none. The principal defect in his character, if indeed it may correctly be so called, was the want of a proper degree of self-confidence and self-reliance. He was too timid, too retiring a man, to attract the attention of the superficial observer. Those alone with whom he was intimate could discern his mental capacity and the qualities of his heart.”

Mr. Knight's consciousness of his own deficiencies, led him to shrink with nervous timidity from the society of those who had begun life with the same advantages as himself, but had far outstripped him in its busy race, and was led to imagine himself more harshly judged by others, than was really the case.

His retiring and sensitive habits led him, at one period of his life, to construct for himself a rude hermitage, where he spent much time in solitude, devoting himself with ardor to his favorite literary pursuits. He seldom received visitors and rarely left his beloved retreat, except as necessity required. The following is his own description of his rural abode :

2\*

## COTTAGE OF THATCH, IN ROWLEY WOODS.

In a thicket of pines, on the brow of a knoll,  
 On the side of a hill, by the Indian corn patch,  
 Where you just see the road and hear the wheels roll,  
 Not far from the spring, is my Cottage of Thatch.

From my little table, whose foot was a tree,  
 To you, my dear Uncle, a line I despatch,  
 To tell you how happy I am and how free,  
 And how I'm contriving my Cottage of Thatch.

With the edge of my saw I dissevered the stock,  
 And in it inserted a leaf with a catch ;  
 Before it I builded a chimney of rock,  
 And round it erected my Cottage of Thatch.

Through the rafters above the green tassels hang down,  
 From the boughs that are spread and the trees that attach,  
 'Tis as pretty a ceiling as any in town ;  
 Will you come, Sir, and dine in my Cottage of Thatch ?

The flowers are my pictures, the trees are my books ;  
 The spring is my mirror, the sun is my watch ;  
 My musicians the breezes, the birds and the brooks,  
 My tapers the stars, o'er my Cottage of Thatch.

Here with pleasure I rise, in my green grassy cove,  
 And the fragrance I breathe and the music I catch,  
 With the velvet below and the verdure above,  
 The well-spring of joy, is my Cottage of Thatch.

'Tis the harbor of ease, in the isle of content,—  
 Now look through the lattice, now lift up the latch ;  
 The good may come in and the wise here may rest,  
 'Tis for such I have builded this Cottage of Thatch.

It is drinking the wave—not digging the well ;  
 Not beating the bush—but the warbler to catch ;  
 'Tis eating the kernel, not cracking the shell ;  
 The skill that is learn'd in my Cottage of Thatch.

Where embowered like a dove in these precincts of love,  
 From the bleak wild around me my branch I detach,  
 By its breath undisturbed, like the blue arch above  
 By the billows below, in my Cottage of Thatch.

As faint through the tree-tops the sun shoots his ray,  
 My casement seems glad the bright glimpses to catch,  
 And fond is the minstrel to pour forth his lay,  
 As he sits or reclines in his Cottage of Thatch.

Where the trees and the fields, like crystallized glass,  
 Reflecting more hues than my vision could catch,  
 To the sun and the breeze did they twinkle and dance,  
 And smiled as they fell round my Cottage of Thatch.

And it seemed, as they glistened and rose to my view,  
 In all colors and figures that fancy could match,  
 That the gems of Brazil and the plates of Peru  
 Were all gathered to garnish my Cottage of Thatch.

And large ancient andirons used for the fire,  
 How well—oh how long recollections attach ;  
 By the father once owned, of my grandfather's sire,  
 And now last by me, in this *Cottage of Thatch*.



## CHAPTER II.

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For some particulars of the life of our poet, from the time of his leaving college till within ten years of his death, we are indebted to one of his early friends, who often made Rowley and its beautiful vicinity the scene of his boyish rambles.

"I remember him," says this gentleman, "as a promising and intelligent youth, having just emerged from the shades of Harvard and looking forward to many happy and useful days. He was a man of genius, but his tastes were too versatile to permit the concentration of his powers, and that which of itself was noble and excellent was distributed among too many objects to be successful in any. He was mechanical, but had no perseverance; a scholar, but his rambling mind expatiated too much in the fields of literature to excel in any single department of science. He was a poet, but the full beauties of the gems he scatters are only visible to the keen-eyed beholder. He was

never vicious, seldom indolent, always seeking yet never attaining, always disappointed yet forever starting afresh under the impulse of new hopes. He possessed qualities of mind and heart which were of a high order. We have said that we knew him in his brighter days at the home of his maternal grandfather, a most estimable gentleman of the old school—a liberally educated but then retired physician, who was by nature social and of dignified manners. But we give Mr. Knight's own delineation: 'Hospitality opened his doors and politeness welcomed his guests; temperance presided over his meals, never taking so much as one glass of wine at once till in very advanced age, when it served as a cordial; with a mild dignity of brow, cautious in speech, prudent in counsel, of scrupulous integrity and decorum in conduct. He lived greatly respected, and few die at so great an age more deeply lamented.'"

The green and fresh willows planted by his hand on the margin of a clear brook, the tall poplars, in the rear of his venerable mansion, the arbor in the flower-garden inscribed with Latin mottoes or perchance some line from the rising genius of Byron or Moore, were the poetical elements among which the two brothers erected their many imaginary castles.

The first adventures of Mr. Frederick Knight were in a school-room, in the then secluded regions of the Penobscot, where his clownish scholars were

not able to appreciate the fine images of the poet, nor could he perceive that aptitude for study which is one of the few rays of light that fall upon the hapless teacher of a district school in a remote forest. He seems not to have accepted this invitation very readily, urging the small and uncertain compensation, together with the difficulties attending a journey over those rough roads in the month of April. In replying to the letter addressed to him he says: "I should like to go down into those dewy regions of the east and see the sun come forth from his 'hiding place' and bathe his beams in the golden waters of the Penobscot."

But very different were these poetic imaginings from the sober realities which he was soon to encounter. His character being rudely assailed, almost at the commencement of his arduous labors, he finds himself impelled by unjust imputation to make the following communication, which seems to have been well understood by those who had the general superintendence of the school. In premising he says: "Should I sometimes enliven the drama with a comic expression and then overcloud its gait by some heavy stroke or alarming truth, you will not, I trust, be surprised, having seen such a torrent of scandal poured upon my head.

"By one person, himself in a paroxysm of rage, I am accused of violent passion; by parental prejudice, I am charged with favoritism; by the guardian and guide of sluggard children, of sloth; by the

governor of unbridled boys, of incapacity to govern; by an unlettered schoolmaster, of being an illiterate teacher; by my executioners, while stretching me on the rack, of unheard of cruelty; by an unhappy man, involved in clouds and chagrin, of a bewildered intellect; by another, who does not divide the Sunday from the week, of indevotion during public worship. Whether is worst, he that is consumed of wrath, or he that,

‘When most enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again;’

he that is stark blind with prejudice, who discerns no good, or he that discerns much through aversion and disgust, and can chastise justly with the hand of kindness as well as impartiality; the father who has spoiled his children, or the master who can reclaim them; he who would mercilessly tear up a thrifty vine, or he who would sometimes bruise the bark in pruning it or lopping off its excrescences.”

To one of his friends he afterward writes: “My scholars have heretofore been governors, and it is singular to see the pell-mell as I approach, the scuffling and running, the overturning of benches to find their seats, as far as I am able to compel them to stay.” Mr. Knight now felt it to be indeed true that the schoolmaster is game for every one. Although his enemies still sought to injure him by various aspersions wholly unfounded and

unwarrantable, he continued in the faithful discharge of his duties for some length of time, when he gladly availed himself of the refuge afforded by his maternal home in Rowley.

After an interval of many months he was prevailed upon to accept the offer of a school at Marblehead, where the society of intellectual minds proved to him a source of high enjoyment, as we judge from some poetical effusions bearing date at that place. His muse, which had slept under the uncongenial influences with which he had been surrounded, now seems to have awaked to fresh life. He thus prefaces one of his fragmentary poems :

If the following lines are not equal to Catullus' Sparrow or Anacreon's Dove, those celebrated pieces of antiquity, it is not that the subject is not superior to both, but because the writer is neither Anacreon nor Catullus.

TO THE GOLD ROBIN THAT BUILDS ANNUALLY ON A  
FAVORITE ELM.

Beauteous bird of golden breast,  
Waving in thy pendent nest,  
Every season thou art seen,  
Visiting thy vernal green.  
Soon as zephyrs melt the snow  
And the softer breezes blow,  
Sweet musician of the spring  
Thou dost stretch thy toiling wing,  
Till thou gain'st the social shade  
That embowers my peerless maid.

Tenant of a favored spot,  
 Chanting in a charming grot,  
 Warbling in the blissful bower,  
 Where is seen the damask flower;  
 Early at the window be,  
 There the dewy dawn to see ;  
 Ere she ope her azure eye,  
 Wake her with thy melody.

If the maiden then arise,  
 Fly, but do not fly away ;  
 Let her view thee in the skies,  
 Let her see thy pinions play :  
 If she slumber late and long,  
 Thou shalt wake her with a song ;  
 If she early seek repose,  
 Give her music as she goes.

Be she sorrowful or gay,  
 Correspondent be thy lay,—  
 From dawning to the drowsy hour,  
 Obey the lady of the bower :  
 And if, when thou hast wooed awhile,  
 If she raise the sash and smile,  
 If she reach her waxen arm,  
 And expand her open palm,  
 Enter on thy golden plume,  
 Go and carrol round the room,—

Go and fan her flowing curls,  
 View the tortoisés and pearls ;  
 See if all a beam supply  
 Equal to her diamond eye ;  
 Hear her speak and see her smile,—  
 But I envy thee the while,—  
 Prithee, leave the beauteous maid,  
 Go and seek thy sylvan shade.

Go—betake thee to thy tree,  
 Go, attend thy progeny.  
 Yearly rear a chosen brood  
 For her blissful servitude.  
 A sparrow was Catullus' love,  
 Anacreon's a turtle-dove ;  
 A gold repeater for his dear  
 Is chosen by the chevalier ;  
 A lovelier bower for his delight  
 Is cherished by the *Classic Knight*."

A young lady leaving a thornless rose with the author, he wrote as follows :

The presence is indeed withdrawn,  
 But has not left me quite forlorn ;  
 This lovely rose without a thorn  
 Becomes a glorious company.

I did not ask her where it grew,  
 For by its odor and its hue,  
 And by its thornless bud, I knew  
 The peerless rose of Paradise.

And by the freshness of its leaf,  
 Whose day like beauty's bloom is brief,  
 I knew it fed a recent grief,  
 And sighed for one far distant.

The morn for thee distilled the dew,  
 For thee exhumed its odorous hue,  
 And in the vale of Eden grew,  
 And blushed in beauteous buoyancy.

Around this fair defenceless rose  
 There's not a thorn or bramble grows,  
 And yet secure it sweetly blows,  
 To awe the eye of errantry.

For though without a hostile spear,  
 To see its little flag so near  
 At once alarms the chevalier,  
 And breathes a deep despondency.

Sweet emblem of the' beauteous maid  
 That smiles and cheers thy hallowed shade,  
 In virtue's vestal robe arrayed,  
 To bless the bower of innocence.

This rose without a point or lance,  
 With no defence and no advance,  
 Is death to my enamored glance—  
 The fatal flower of chivalry.

*Marblehead, 1824.*

But we may not trace farther his early history. Suffice it to say, that it was a succession of bright but blasted hopes, of earnest but ineffectual struggles. After the decease of his grandfather he accepted a kind invitation from his uncle, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq., to accompany him to his distant home in one of the Western Islands. It was the desire of Mr. Cogswell to place his nephew in circumstances of honorable and lucrative employment, provided he could discover in him the necessary skill and tact. During this visit Mr. Knight enjoyed greater opportunities than had been hitherto afforded him, of becoming acquainted with the character of this truly noble and excellent man. From the many tributes of affection and gratitude which he paid to his memory, we select the following from a letter addressed to another uncle, who also shared in the warm affections of his heart :



“ His attentive ear I can no more approach and whisper how much I love him, how highly I delight to honor him, and how deeply I feel indebted to him. Have I not, by a strange act of kindness and condescension on his part, been abroad with him on the deep, trod the shore of a distant clime, and breathed the air of a foreign sky? Have I not reposed sweetly under his roof, been clothed elegantly from his wardrobe, and fared sumptuously every day at his table? Have I not been cheered by his smiles when despondent, and comforted by him in the hour of danger and distress? has he not sought out and proposed to me honorable and lucrative employment, offering liberally his aid—and all this to one of opposite cast and habits from himself, feeble, irresolute, and dilatory?

“ How have I witnessed the nice curiosity with which he surveyed the field of valuable knowledge—his untaught, intuitive discernment of the useful in science, refined in sentiment, and elegant in social life—the versatility and accuracy of his conceptions in business—his energy and celerity of execution—his minute attention to each particular department, without disconcerting his comprehensive view of the whole—his fertility of resources in trying emergencies, and his calm submission to the will of providence.

“ How often have I seen him studiously devising how he might best promote the welfare of his

friends at home—his distributions to the poor,\* who at set seasons came in crowds about his door?—But who can measure the depths of an overflowing fountain, trace out the streams that meander from it, or number the desolate places made glad by its waters?"

"That noble spirit, here no more,  
Has reached a blest elysian shore,  
A brighter clime—and shares the while  
A Father's house—a Father's smile."

IN MEMORY OF NATHANIEL COGSWELL, ESQ.,

Who died, much lamented, in the City of New York, Nov. 13th, 1832—for many years a distinguished merchant at Palmas, Grand Canary.

Pressed with the waves of undissembled grief  
We ask no fountain to augment their force,  
While flowing forth in search of sweet relief,  
The ready pen shall but conduct their course.

Now is the strength receding from our side,  
That quenched our rising tumults or subdued;  
Which, like a barrier that withstood the tide,  
Lets in new torrents to the rising flood.

Brightly he rose and opened wide the day:  
We saw the splendor of his noon begin.  
But ere attained, the clouds concealed his way,  
And shut the glories of his brightness in.

'Tis spring-time sweet, and music wakes the morn,  
The notes are soft and fields are gaily drest,  
But balmy breath and flow'rets newly born  
And rustic strains move not his placid breast.

\*His munificence to the poor, who at appointed seasons came around his door, obtained for him the appellation, "King of the Island."

Vain are our hopes ; and all the sweets they yield  
 Are as the morning cloud and early dew—  
 Our glory gone like blossoms of the field,  
 Cut down and withered in their fairest hue.

But the hopes which were indulged by this kind relative were disappointed. Nothing could be more uncongenial to the habits of a poet than close attention to the details of business. He preferred to ramble over the vine-clad hills of those beautiful islands, in search of something which would feed his poetical fancy or regale his ear with the voice of melody.

His return to Rowley was soon succeeded by the death of his venerated grandmother, to whom he was tenderly attached. "By her example," he says, "she reprov'd the indolence, and by her devout life the levity of others; ever and anon, to quote from Shakespeare, as house affairs would call her hence she would 'with haste dispatch and come again, and with a greedy eye devour the gracious Book.'"

His attachment to the scenes of his early life was unconquerable; the bright and beautiful of the world, its riches and honors, were eclipsed by the sunshine that fell within the circle of his early home, and he could not consent to any plans of life that would withdraw him from them. Under these circumstances and after the death of his brother, being left without any pecuniary resources, he was induced to accept

the invitation of Mrs. Sawyer, a destitute and aged widow in the neighborhood, to occupy her little cottage, with the promise of its reversion to him when she should no longer need it.

This low and time-worn dwelling had no architectural beauty to attract the eye, and, if noticed at all by the passing stranger, would have been regarded only as the abode of unlettered poverty. There were no beauties of natural scenery around it to indicate cultivation or taste in its occupants. A small apple-tree at one corner and a rose-bush slightly trained under one of its windows, constituted its only external ornaments. Its interior, consisting of two rooms and an attic, will be found partially drawn in one of his fragmentary poems.

He was happy for a time in the freedom of his new home and in the companionship of his aged friend. Her increasing infirmities, however, rendered his situation peculiarly trying. Still he watched over her both by day and night with all the tenderness of a son, and no inducement of personal advantage or emolument would have prevailed with him to desert his charge.

His relatives living at a distance knew comparatively little of his situation at this period. The grateful sense of past favors conferred upon him, together with a native independence of mind, probably operated in preventing a free communication on the subject of his labors and privations.

He continued, notwithstanding, to receive from them occasionally gratuitous aid, and during his last illness their ready sympathy, together with many substantial proofs of kindness, which he warmly appreciated.

Mr. Knight was much distinguished for uprightness of mind—never swerving from the strictest integrity even under circumstances of peculiar embarrassment. Humility was also another feature which marked his character—it was indeed his crowning grace—and but for this he might have passed from us as one less entitled to our notice. We believe that all who knew him intimately will bear testimony that they have seldom seen this virtue more truly exemplified. He condescended to all of every rank, and was in fact on an equality with the meanest in outward condition. But although in circumstances of such comparative obscurity there was perhaps not an individual in the town more highly esteemed or more universally respected. While wholly unconscious of meriting respect, his superior knowledge claimed it for him. It is a frequent remark, that in country towns and villages there is a more just appreciation of character than in our larger cities. Whether this be true in the general or otherwise, it reflects much credit upon those with whom Mr. Knight was associated.

It has been said of him, that “he had gifts and graces which bloomed in the desert.” In the

midst of solitude he was never alone, for every object in nature conveyed a lesson from which he drew some religious reflection or some useful moral. His want of resolution and energy of purpose was a painful source of reflection in after life, as we find from frequent allusions to his habits of mind. In expressing to his uncle some regrets of this nature he says: While you have been invigorating and expanding your ample mind, I have been rambling a field or sitting under a tree, meditating upon a leaf.

I spent in play my morning prime,  
In airy dreams life's middle stage;  
May Sharon's rose, though out of time,  
And Eschcol's clusters crown my age?  
'Tis this which pains my spirit now,  
That blest with life's meridian rays,  
Thus far I've been a fruitless bough,  
Nor borne one blossom to his praise."

### CHAPTER III.

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WE have made allusion to a highly esteemed classmate with whom Mr. Knight was associated in the study of the Law. This gentleman, for a period of years, had occupied an official station abroad, and, on revisiting his native country, sought perseveringly his early friend, notwithstanding a rumor of his death had reached him. Mr. Knight had lived in such seclusion as to be little known, especially in the world of letters. Being visited by Mr. B., in his retirement, all the warmth of youthful attachment seemed to burst forth spontaneously, and the memories of the past, like an unsealed fountain, now flowed in a perpetual stream. We introduce the following lines as descriptive of the interview :

He came from far, to ferret out and see  
If I were yet among the things that be.  
Some dying wave had whispered in his ear  
An *Ilium fuit*—Frederick is not here.  
And right o'erjoyed was he again to find  
Time's sweeping stream had left his friend behind.

Though many a tree had toppled from its banks,  
 And as he went still thinner grew their ranks ;  
 Though many a taller from its brink was torn,  
 And brighter flower along its current borne—  
 Was not yet broken from its margin quite  
 His blooming cereus—lone flower of night—  
 That opes as fair beneath her darkling sway  
 As flowers unfolded by the orb of day,  
 And blooms as lovely for her sightless lids  
 As those that blazon when bright Phœbus bids ;  
 Yea, looks more lovely through the shades alone  
 Than with gay thousands, if by day it shone.

The occasion of a distinguished guest at Thorn Cottage, was not without its interest in the immediate neighborhood. The hasty meal being made ready by the hands of the poet, the evening hour glided rapidly away, and Mr. B. returned to his lodgings. On the landlord's inquiry, at what hour breakfast should be served, the ready response, "I shall breakfast with my friend Knight," occasioned him no little surprise, as he well knew that the hospitalities of the Cottage were far from being attractive even to an ordinary guest. But the two friends, thus re-united after a separation of more than twenty years, were alike forgetful of changes of fortune, and, seated at the table of the poor widow, enjoyed a repast of intellect which more than compensated for the absence of that which merely pleases the taste or gratifies the appetite.

The spring-time of life seemed now to have re-



turned with our poet, so happy was he in this renewed friendship. Mr. B. was desirous to meet his classmates at a social gathering, and feeling that the presence of his friend Knight would give importance to the occasion, he was solicitous to remove every obstacle which a sensitive mind would be ready to interpose. His full consent, however, was not readily obtained, even under the most propitious circumstances.

But the hour of separation was drawing nigh, and the little apartment which had been cheered by the presence of a friend became still more desolate and lonely. Mr. Knight appears to have felt for a moment that the sun-beams had vanished from his threshold, and thus pours forth the utterances of his heart :

When some are sever'd from the breast,  
 'Tis tedious tarrying with the rest.  
 In memory of superior joys,  
 The present seem insipid toys ;  
 As when the sun, sunk in the west,  
 Sometimes so bright we view'd,  
 He seems more glorious in his rest  
 Than all the stars he leaves behind.  
 It was the sun, though it is gone—  
 They are but stars that follow on,  
 That pierce the clouds they can't dispel,  
 Like pris'ners looking through their cell,  
 Or feeble tapers that illumine  
 But just enough to show the gloom.

The warm invitation, so kindly presented, to make one of the guests on the approaching festivity could not be resisted, and, placing his aged companion in charge of another for a short period, he set forward on his journey, full of joyous anticipation. In the warmth of that enthusiasm which had been kindled anew on the altar of friendship, he thought little of his rustic garb until recognised by some of his early associates who were proceeding to the same friendly meeting. When nearly at the termination of the journey some misgivings arose and he declined proceeding with his companions. Although he had previously signified that he should appear in his old costume, he now regarded himself as behind the age in a more literal sense than he had imagined. But the kindness of his friend, who met him in his own carriage, soon reassured him, and he no longer hesitated. Still his reluctance to meet such an assemblage could not be concealed, as appears from the following :

O, Sir, I cannot meet your gala-guests,  
 My rustic garb but ill becomes such feasts :  
 O'erfraught with friends the greatest and the best,  
 I'll be an irksome and inglorious guest ;  
 And *ladies* too, of beauty and of birth,  
 I'll only be a damper to their mirth.

But the pleasant scenes which surrounded him on the banks of the Hudson soon dissipated his fears, and we next find him attempting a short

sketch of his reception and entertainment at the country-seat of his friend :

This spacious mansion and piazza round,  
 With woodbines wreathed and honeysuckle crown'd—  
 These winding walks, these seats and banks and bowers,  
 And budding shrubs and trees and opening flowers;  
 And youthful loves and graces smiling round,  
 Assure the bard he's on the muse's ground.  
 Alive with voices speak the very trees,  
 And neighboring thickets hum with nestling bees.  
 I heard—unheard before that sweet moonlight—  
 Their strange, outlandish banjou, with delight.  
 But most that charmed me was the group  
 Of children, with their wain and hoop,  
 So happy, smiling, innocent, and sweet,  
 So unlike earth and all for heaven so meet.

My friend—I cannot as I would portray  
 Your entertainment, in my rustic lay;  
 Your Helicon's too high for me to stride,  
 Your Pegasus' too gay for me to ride,  
 And I should founder ere I well set out,  
 Or at the least should lose my whereabouts.

He was attended by Mr. B. on his homeward journey; and, in the recollection of the many kind attentions bestowed upon him, breaks forth in strains of grateful affection :

Why did I suffer thus your wings to play,  
 And scatter fragrance all my lengthened way,  
 Through yielding air? For ne'er did carrier-dove  
 More softly bear her billet-doux of love,  
 Than I was carried by thy skill and care,

Rolled o'er the wave and wafted through the air.  
 Where'er I went thou didst prepare me room,  
 Borne on thy wings and covered by thy plume.  
 But when, alas ! I know not when  
 Or where I e'er shall see again,  
 The first of friends and best of men.

Wishing to reciprocate the hospitalities of Piermont, he presents in a playful manner the attractions of Thorn Cottage—thus conveying some idea of the charms of rural scenery to a poetic mind :

We have a humble roof and homely fare,  
 And wholesome water and a healthful air :  
 Fresh fallen leaves shall form your frugal bed,  
 And verdant tapestry o'er-arch your head,  
 Where woodbines wave and honeysuckle twines,  
 And nature vies with your exotic vines.  
 I'll show you fruit-trees that count centuries old,  
 With pears depending like ingots of gold,  
 And balmy groves and moss all overstrawn,  
 And lofty names these trees have overgrown.  
 No katadids here serenade at night,  
 Or swarming locusts waken with the light.

On the return of this gentleman to his foreign home a correspondence commences, of much interest on both sides. We select a passage in reply to a letter which communicated the birth of a son in Florence :

Arise, my Tuscan star, arise,  
 Italian sun, ascend the skies—  
 Lift up those lids, sweet Florentine,  
 And let thine azure orbs be seen.

Blue as the skies in Arno's vale,  
 Soft as the clouds that through them sail.  
 Come, let me hear thy tuneful tongue  
 That sounds as when a tabret's rung ;  
 Begin to know a father's smile,  
 And with thine own his cares beguile.  
 My child, to Arno bid adieu,  
 And what is Florence, boy, to you ?  
 Here Hudson rolls a noble tide,  
 Invites thee to her palaced side.  
 Here friends and kindred long to greet,  
 And hearts, in truer bosoms beat  
 Than those in foreign climes you meet.

Fair infant Florentine ! 'tis thine  
 To gild a bright ancestral line ;  
 To add a lustre of thine own  
 Surpassing all that has been shown.  
 Let Tuscany not long detain,  
 Nor let the Eternal City gain  
 Thy best affections. Hasten home—  
 Farewell to Florence and to Rome.

You'll send your friend a bust, by *Powers*,  
 Of that young Florentine of ours,  
 In token of his just regard,  
 Who will be pleased to please the bard ;  
 The sculptor is the poet's brother,  
 And we must work for one another.  
 If he refuse, show this to Greene ;  
 The poet's notes are "*ready rein*"—  
 Which is the way, and all the way,  
 That real poets have to pay.  
 Who ever thought, that had his senses,  
 Of putting poets to expenses ?

Mr. Knight took—as what poet does not—a warm interest in the young. The artless prattle of childhood found in him a willing listener. A world without children would have been to him as a forest without shrubs. The following stanzas were addressed to one of his little favorites. The parents of the child still live in Rowley. A cottage, built in the English style, tastefully adorned with shrubbery, marks the place of their residence.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE GIRL, WHO WAS ABOUT TO VISIT  
HER PATERNAL HOME IN THE EAST INDIES.

Thou lovely little village girl,  
Who ten short years hast seen,  
The breeze will soon the sail unfurl  
That wafts thee from the green ;—

Seen only thus to be withdrawn,  
And leave us here to sigh,  
As for a floweret that is gone,  
Or songster in the sky ;

Or like the perfume from the tree,  
Or dew-drop from the spray ;  
Or like the blossom blown to sea,  
That bore them both away.

The belle of blossoms, wooed and wed  
By some enchanting smile,  
Vouchsafes to bless a foreign bed,  
And grace an Indian Isle.

But go—we claim not all thy worth ;  
A gem of native growth,

Whose stem was of exotic birth,  
It must remember both.

Then go—and us awhile resign,  
And seek another zone :  
Thy father but allures from thine  
To lead thee to his own.

Thou dost not go deserted, dove,  
Beneath a father's care,  
And mantled in a mother's love,  
And shielded by her prayer.

But He that rules the air and sky,  
The billows and the land,  
Shall watch thee with a wakeful eye,  
And hold thee in His hand.

And hear the prayer they breathe behind,  
All suppliant on their knees,  
For one that's wafted by the wind,  
And borne upon the seas,

That he will charge the winds to keep  
The bark that bears thee o'er,  
To waft it gently o'er the deep,  
And gently to the shore.

Thou goest to greet thy father's friends,\*  
And kindred yet unknown,  
Who for his absence seek amends,  
By making thee their own.

The farewell here awakes thy fears,  
The greeting there beguiles ;

\*Her father was a native of the Isle of France.

Thou'rt one that goes to sleep in tears,  
To wake anon in smiles.

Thou'rt glad to go—to leave art loath—  
So balanced by extremes ;  
For peace with each at war with both,  
And conquered twice, it seems.

So when a top is whirled to rest,  
And sleeps to those around,  
It feels the lashes on its breast,  
And whispers of its wound.

So when a wave, in Eden\* seen,  
Two pebbles turns to view,  
It winds a little spool between,  
And murmuring passes through.

Now thou must leave thy little mates,  
Thy sampler and thy school,  
Thou'rt one who on the margin waits—  
A cygnet for the pool.

Nor by the brook is thy retreat  
To mark its winding way ;  
Nor round the elm, with lightsome feet,  
In paradise to play.

And Spring, that now renews her reign,  
With charms to me so dear,  
Perchance may touch thy heart with pain,  
Thy parting is so near.

But, child, what though his reign is nigh,  
And buds and birds appear,

\*The poet's name for Rowley Woods.



Whose bloom may never reach thine eye  
Nor strains salute thine ear.

Yet soon beneath a softer sky,  
And in a brighter sphere,  
Will fresher flowerets greet thine eye,  
And sweeter notes thine ear.

The warblers there are never mute,  
And orchards rich and rare,  
Are bending all the year with fruit,  
Whose fragrance fills the air.

And gardens there are ever gay,  
With blossoms ever blowing,  
And brooks are laughing all the way,  
And fountains ever flowing.

Nor wintry frowns disturb the sky,  
Nor frosts seal up the ground ;  
The seasons hand in hand go by,  
And dance their smiling round.

Here fields are naked half the year,  
And half the year are dumb,  
And summer seems to disappear  
Almost as soon as come—

Her hand just beckons and beguiles,  
Her voice just strikes our ears,  
She bids us welcome with her smiles,  
Then waves adieu in tears.

Yet for a fruit that ne'er deceives,  
From Nature thou must look,  
Amid the everlasting leaves  
Of Heaven's eternal Book.

But go—e'en now the gallant bark  
 Stays for her beauteous freight,  
 And dwellers in yon island-ark  
 As for the dove await.

Thou goest to tread the dimpled deep,  
 To print the liquid plain,  
 And see the whitened hillocks leap  
 The lambkins of the main.

Thou'lt find it pathless all before,  
 And leave no path behind ;  
 Not so with other travellers o'er  
 A moral for your mind.

Then "how find they their way," you ask,  
 "Who thread the trackless wild?"  
 A question that a man might ask,  
 And surely may a child.

Know, those who walk the wave, my dear,  
 Possess a little rod,  
 That tells them always where to steer  
 And governs like a god.

A silent little officer,  
 That orders o'er the rest ;  
 A mighty little monitor,  
 Like conscience in the breast ;

While taking islands up like beads,  
 Or luring out the prey,  
 Like anglers with their trembling reeds,  
 From waters where they lay ;

And ever pointing to its pole,  
 Howe'er they move its vase,

As doth a true and living soul,  
 Whatever be its place ;

That like a well-instructed scribe,  
 Or sculptor at his stone,  
 Although a thousand beauties bribe,  
 Like nature knows his own.

And often on their charts they look,  
 And measure time and way,  
 To be recorded in a book,  
 Against a reckoning day.

So voyagers on life's changeful sea :  
 The Bible is *their* chart,  
 And conscience, ever true, will be  
 A needle in the heart.

They trim the bark and watch the gale,  
 And sharply look before,  
 And tend the tiller and the sail,  
 And let the billows roar.

The waves that lash the vessel's sides  
 Will open to her prow  
 Which them in needful time divides—  
 A lesson for thee now.

Though mountains rise before the bark,  
 And lions in them roar,  
 Yet when you reach the mountain's mark,  
 The ship goes tilting o'er.

The hill becomes a liquid plain,  
 The liquid plain a slope,  
 When Faith's the bark that sweeps the main,  
 The starry streamer, Hope.

So those who long had rowed the deep,  
 Despairing of the oar,  
 Received the Savior in the ship,  
 And straightway were on shore.

And thou wilt pass the prison-isle—  
 But leave it far aside—  
 Of one\* who rode the world awhile,  
 And when it threw him, *died*!

The beast was dumb, though sore bestrode,  
 Like fish in halcyon's beak,  
 Till one he saw not blocked the road,  
 And bade the creature speak.

So he was caught as in a snare,  
 By that which was his pride,  
 Like him suspended by his hair;  
 And of his hobby died.

There thou may'st touch on thy return,—  
 And treasure at his tomb  
 A lesson, worth thy while to learn,  
 Of fortune and of doom:

Of one who sallied out in wrath  
 And reaped the nations down,  
 And cut through earth a gory path,  
 For conquest and a crown:

Until at length his sickle broke,  
 The sheaves were set on fire,  
 And he was smothered in the smoke,  
 The victim of his pyre!

\*Napoleon.

You would have thought some buzzard flock  
 Upon an eagle poured,  
 'Till he was pinioned to a rock,  
 And slowly there devoured.

Those little foxes, thick as hail,  
 He'd taken but to tame,  
 Came forth with fire-brands in their tail  
 And whipped him with the flame :

And fell upon him like a pack  
 And plucked him in the breast,  
 And tore the feathers from his back  
 And cradled in his nest.

They chased him from his ruby throne,  
 And rent his purple robe,  
 And locked him in this cliff alone—  
 The lion of the globe !

Where, part for grief and part for pride,  
 Unused to be bereft,  
 And part for wrong, he pined and died  
 Of kingdoms he had left.

Napoleon was—a sparkling name  
 Yet slow to pass away—  
 The world's great sportsman and its game,  
 Its hunter and its prey.

But leave—it was a lurid blaze,  
 A meteor from the deep,  
 That led admirers but to gaze,  
 And followers but to weep.

Thou goest to view a holier mound,  
 Where dearer relics rest,\*  
 Whose spirit, haply, hovering round,  
 May light upon thy breast.

Sweet child, upon the sea of life,  
 Thy course be smooth and even,  
 Or feel no more of tempests' strife  
 Than bears thee on to Heaven.

Thou'lt not forget the lowly fane,  
 But duly wilt repair  
 To warble in the higher strain  
 Of those who worship there.

And pave thy way with weekly vows,  
 His tribute money pay,  
 Who brought thee to thy father's house,  
 When found so far away.

Thou wilt not leave him on the land  
 That led thee through the seas,  
 But ask him to retain thy hand  
 And guide thee as he please.

Like bird for captive one must wound,  
 Or sweet but wayward child,  
 Who sought his father when he frowned,  
 But fled him when he smiled,

Ah some forget him on the land,  
 Who bore them to the shore ;  
 As if they only took his hand  
 But just to help them o'er.

\*This alludes to Mrs. Harriet Newell, who was buried in the Isle of France.

Nor seldom to thy breast retire,  
 And muse upon his name,  
 If thou would'st fan the holy fire,  
 And feed the heavenly flame.

'Tis breathing o'er the vestal coal  
 Within that inner shrine,  
 That wreaths an incense round the soul,  
 Whose essence is divine.

Thou wilt remember oft the mound  
 Where Harriet's relics rest,  
 Whose spirit haply hovering round  
 May light upon thy breast.

Thou go'st from near her natal spot,  
 Her follower o'er the wave,  
 May'st thou partake her blissful lot,  
 But not her early grave.\*

Napoleon's was a lurid blaze,  
 A lantern on the deep,  
 That led admirers but to gaze,  
 And followers but to weep.

But Harriet's was a heavenly ray  
 Like Hesper's o'er the wave,  
 That rose upon the wanderer's way  
 To succor and to save.

Thou'lt not forget thy friends apart,  
 The guest-chamber leave free,  
 And, last and least in every heart,  
 One little nook for me—

\*This last desire was not granted—her's *was* an early grave.

Who, though a fallen leaf I be,  
A bird that cannot fly,  
Yet loves his mates upon the tree,  
His fellows in the sky—

That only sighs along the heath,  
Or lifts a languid wing;  
While others flourish, falls beneath,  
And chirps while others sing—

Now heaven protect the floating flower,  
Conduct it to its bourne,  
And bless the bower with sun and shower,  
And all in time return.



## CHAPTER IV.

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THE life of our gifted friend was peculiarly a hidden life; while he exemplified in no common degree the christian character, he regarded himself as one afar off. He was a deep student of the bible and had formed a proportionably elevated standard of religious faith and practice. That he was accustomed to seek retirement for devotional purposes appears from frequent memorandums. He writes thus on one occasion: "I went to the vernal grove—the warbling of the birds among the branches cheered my spirits and I found my heart much lighter than it would have been had I been disobedient to the heavenly monitor. O that men would taste and see the loving-kindness of the Lord; those who seek even faintly and in the smallest things to do his will, find a present reward." In another memorandum it is written:

Ere on the ladder I could rise  
I had to tread the lowest round;  
Just so the songster of the skies,  
He takes his pinions from the ground.

His chosen place of resort was a hill in his immediate neighborhood, and the narrow path by which he ascended to its summit was partially visible long after his decease. Here, forgetful of his daily toils, he could look abroad upon nature and meditate on her works ; and here he found relief to his burdened spirit, as seen in the following record :

I trod the mount with toil and care,  
 And every step was traced with prayer.  
 I did not turn aside or stop  
 Till I could see the glorious prize  
 From Tabor's hill—from Pisgah's top ;  
 And now the land before me lies.  
 As with thy servant, Lord, of old,  
 O let it not be so with me.  
 Him thou suffered'st to behold,  
 May I possess as well as see.

He makes no allusion to the title which he had prefixed to his little domicile, except in a single instance. In writing to a friend he says : “ We do not call this Rose Cottage, but Thorn Cottage,

The thorn our early flower that blows.”

His cares and labors now pressed heavily upon him and produced a marked depression of spirits. He felt that he was sustaining an unequal burden. But there was a wise hand employed in all this. He who sits “ as a refiner and purifier of silver ” was intent upon his own work, and would not leave it unaccomplished. The germ of religious

sensibility, so apparent in all his writings, had been expanding and maturing, and in the absence of all human aid he surveys the field of promise, and gathers of its fruits, as in the following lines :

ON FAITH.

Have faith—and thou shalt know its use ;  
 Have faith—and thou wilt feel  
 'Tis this that fills the widow's cruise  
 And multiplies her meal.

Have faith—and breaking from thy bound,  
 With eagles thou wilt rise,  
 And find thy cottage on the ground  
 A castle in the skies.

Have faith—and thou shalt hear the tread  
 Of horses in the air,  
 And see the chariot overhead  
 That's waiting for thee there.

Have faith—the earth will bloom beneath,  
 The sea divide before thee,  
 The air with odors round thee breathe,  
 And heaven wide open o'er thee.

Have faith—that purifies the heart ;  
 And, with thy flag unfurled,  
 Go forth without a spear or dart ;  
 Thou'lt overcome the world.

Have faith—be on thy way :  
 Arise and trim thy light,  
 And shine, if not the orb of day,  
 Yet as a star of night.

Have faith—though threading lone and far  
 Through Pontine's deepest swamp,  
 When night has neither moon nor star,  
 Thou'lt need no staff nor lamp.

Have faith—go, roam with savage men,  
 And sleep with beasts of prey—  
 Go, sit with lions in their den,  
 And with the leopards play.

Have faith—on ocean's heaving breast  
 Securely thou may'st tread,  
 And make the billowy mountain's crest  
 Thy cradle and thy bed.

Have faith—around let thunders roar,  
 Let earth beneath thee rend—  
 The lightnings play, and deluge pour—  
 Thy pass-word is—a *friend*.

Have faith—in famine's sorest need,  
 When naked lie the fields,  
 Go forth and weeping sow the seed,  
 Then reap the sheaves it yields.

Have faith—in earth's most troubled scene,  
 In time's most trying hour,  
 Thy breast and brow shall be serene—  
 So soothing is its power.

Have faith—and say to yonder tree,  
 And mountain where it stands,  
 Be ye both buried in the sea—  
 They sink beneath its sands!

Have faith—upon the battle-field,  
 When facing foe to foe,

The shaft rebounding from thy shield,  
Shall lay the archer low.

Have faith—the finest thing that flies,  
On wings of golden ore,  
That shines and melts along the skies,  
Was but a worm before.

It has been remarked by a friend that a selection from these stanzas would form an admirable exercise in elocution, and then, when well treasured in the memory, the student may ever after find them a still more admirable help to his faith, on earth's pilgrimage, prompting many a successful encounter which he would else have declined.

The quiet retirement of Thorn Cottage afforded little of incident. Mrs. Sawyer, its aged inmate, was indebted to the benevolence of a friend in Boston, for many comforts which she could not otherwise have enjoyed—and towards this individual the warm gratitude of his heart found expression in the following touching lines :

A TRIBUTE TO JONATHAN PHILLIPS, ESQ.

The tree o'ershades the river's banks,  
And bends his boughs in graceful thanks,  
And offers all his fruits and leaves,  
To pay the tribute he receives.  
The waters, not to be outdone,  
Wave back the homage as they run,  
And show, depicted in their tide,  
A fairer tree than stands beside.  
The flowers adorn the fountain's brink,

And scent the sparkling drops they drink,  
 And cast a thousand diamonds more,  
 Of finer water than before.  
 The thankless rush makes no reply,  
 But grows, forever drinking, dry,  
 Or only answers with a sigh,  
 But born to drain its source and die.  
     That flowing river, full and free,  
 That fragrant flower, that fruitful tree,  
 O Phillips, while I view in thee,  
 Behold the thankless rush in me.

Mr. Knight was not permitted to continue till the close of her life those kind attentions which had thus far smoothed the passage of his aged friend in her pilgrimage to the grave. A slight cold, too long neglected, resulted in a fever, which,

"Not tardy to perform  
 Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,  
 Dismissed him weary to a safe retreat  
 Beneath the turf which he had often trod."

Those who had been the witnesses of his patient endurance were ready to indulge the apprehension that he might be trusting to these virtues for acceptance with God. But being interrogated on this point, toward the closing scene of his life, every such fear was at once put to rest.

One of the friends who kindly attended him, foreseeing the probable termination of his illness, ventured to say to him: "You expect to go to heaven, should you be called to leave this world,

but how do you expect to go there?" "By the door," was his ready reply, alluding to the words of our Savior—a reply which sufficiently proved the clearness of his views. His spiritual vision had hitherto been intercepted, but now the cloud was in some measure dispelled. "As the secret door in the ark could not be seen when the waters prevailed," so had the swelling tide of despondency and doubt prevented a fuller participation in the promises of the covenant. Being little accustomed to communicate his thoughts, it was difficult to obtain access to the deeper feelings of the heart; but the index of the mind, in some cases, furnishes more conclusive evidence of spiritual discernment than the language of the lips. His frequent repetition of the penitential psalm, (Watts' paraphrase,) together with the short and comprehensive petitions which he was heard to utter, conveyed a meaning that could not be misunderstood. The concern which he evinced respecting the spiritual interests of his aged companion, the appropriate hymn that he taught her, after she had attained the age of ninety, and which she was heard to repeat on her death-bed—these and many other evidences might be adduced as corroborative of what has been already said.

Mr. Knight was not a member of any christian communion, nor did we ever hear him contend for any particular form of worship, or for denominational opinions or preferences. He was accus-

tomed to attend the village church where the family of his grandfather had worshipped. He seems to have had a settled conviction of the truth of the Scriptures, which led him to embrace them as a whole, leaving no room for speculation. Interspersed among his meditations are frequently found ejaculatory petitions, showing that he constantly felt his dependance upon divine aid. We give one or two specimens :

“In my weakness, perfect thy strength; in my vileness, thy worthiness; my lowness, thy exaltation.”

“Save me from myself, by thyself. Save me from all errors, all that is irrelevant, and make me such as thou wouldst have me to be.”

“Wilt Thou, who canst teach with such infinite ease and show with such admirable simplicity the most difficult and complex principles, teach and show me, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

“Grant me a right faith—a faith which will have a salutary influence upon my mind, heart, and life.”

The poor widow, now at the age of ninety-five, to whom he had long supplied the place of a son, and who had ere this fallen into the helplessness of second childhood, sincerely mourned for him. The day preceding his death she begged, with such childlike earnestness, to be permitted to see him once more, that her friends could not refuse the request. She was supported to his bed-side,



and as she gazed upon him, murmured, in broken accents, "*Frederick, you have been very kind to me.*" And this simple tribute of gratitude was all that was paid to the memory of a man whose heart once beat with as high anticipations of literary fame as that of any youthful student whose eye may fall on this slight sketch of his history. And yet in the sight of him who has promised a reward to those who give a cup of cold water to a disciple of his, those few words were of higher value than the most unfading laurels of earth.

His death took place on the twentieth of November, 1849. The funeral services were attended from the village church, where many friends who loved and honored him while living united in showing their respect for one who, though among the last of his kindred there, had found a home in many hearts.

The few stanzas which here follow, written in a young lady's Album the year previous, seem almost prophetic of the event which awaited him; while the serenity of his countenance, as the shadows of death gathered around, indicated the same confiding trust which he sought to inspire in the heart of his youthful friend.

When the dark clouds of sorrow o'ershadow thy scene,  
And blot from thy vision the earth and the sky,  
As the day-star that breaks through the darkness serene,  
May the Savior salute thee, *Fear not, it is I.*

When darker, when deeper, the waters come round,  
 And thou see'st that the swellings of Jordan are nigh,  
 May'st thou hear, o'er the surges, that ravishing sound,  
 The voice of the Savior, *Fear not, it is I.*

For, sometime, the shadow of sorrow will come,  
 One day in the slumbers of death thou must lie,  
 And when the loud trumpet shall summon thee home,  
 May'st thou hear this sweet whisper, *Fear not, it is I.*

---

FOR WE MUST ALL LIE DOWN IN DEATH.

Well, let our leaf be green or sere,  
 In beams above or shades beneath,  
 Our severed lines are very near,  
 For we must all lie down in death.

Our pathway where it will may wind,  
 By flowery dale or arid heath,  
 Our several ways will soon be joined,  
 For we must all lie down in death.

Howe'er we move upon life's scene,  
 With step composed or panting breath,  
 There can be no great space between,  
 For we must all lie down in death.

## SELECTED POEMS.

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Mr. Knight addresses Ex-President Adams under the assumed name of "Simon Ides," desiring an explanation of some terms in his Eulogy on La Fayette, and adding, "Though perhaps the obscurest individual in an obscure village, yet in the benignity of your nature I trust you will send out a ray to lead me,"—

For I remember once, in Boston street,  
The younger Chatham I did chance to meet,  
Received, responsive to my rustic bow,  
The declination of your laurelled brow.  
So once, while piping on his oaten reed,  
The swain was answered by the golden-keyed  
Cathedral organ. And who knows but I,  
The least of all that lift a wing to fly  
Or voice to chirp, may wake on eagle's wing,  
Or, hoarse myself, incite a swan to sing.  
This little missive, sent with so much zeal,  
May draw an arrow from a bow of steel :  
My little gauntlet, cast upon the ground,  
May rouse a giant girt with armor round.  
The seed I scatter—changing martial phrase  
To rural figure—after many days,

Though thrown at venture round my cottage eaves,  
 May grow a harvest of your shining sheaves ;  
 And Simon's sickle, sharp as Andrew's shears,  
 Shall load his shoulders with the lordly ears,  
 Return rejoicing from the wealthy plain,  
 And fill his garners with your golden grain.  
 If barely nodding Simon thought so fine,  
 How would it cheer him to receive a line ;  
 'Twould come in winter like a second spring,  
 The trees would blossom and the birds would sing :  
 'Twould break like morning on benighted eyes,  
 And make midsummer in our frozen skies ;  
 The highest noon at which our planet rides,  
 The culmination of the star of Ides ;  
 A sort of epoch in our village dealings,  
 Its flowery age and era of good feelings.  
 And now, with high, sincere consideration,  
 Too lofty language for a humble station,  
 Your most obedient servant,

SIMON IDES.

*Rowley, Sept. 27, 1835.*

---

Mr. Knight was tenderly alive to the sufferings  
 of others, from whatever cause they proceeded,  
 whether from common infirmity or from self-indul-  
 gence in any of its forms. A scene like that pre-  
 sented in the following stanzas, attracting as it  
 did the rude gaze of the multitude, could not fail  
 to enlist his warmest sensibilities.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A BROTHER BARD ALIGHT AT  
 A COUNTRY INN WHERE HE SHORTLY AFTER DIED.

Pale and powerless, slow descending  
 From the carriage to the door,

On his pilgrim staff depending,  
And his helpers leaning o'er.—

Whose that sunken face and figure ?  
Stranger, dost thou love the lyre ?  
Look not with an eye of rigor  
On the victim of its fire.

His the hand that's wont to wander  
Freely o'er the charming strings,  
And his spirit yet doth ponder  
'Midst their dear bewilderings.

Come, approach him ; free from danger  
Ye may draw around his bed,  
Where a minstrel and a stranger  
Asks to lean his laurelled head.

Come, behold him, youth and maiden,  
One of bright and early bloom,  
Weary, worn, and heavy laden,  
Blighted with untimely doom—

Ye that deck the roseate bowers,  
Ye that dress the golden plains,  
Ye have loved the rural powers,  
And they loved his rural strains.

Twin'd within his country's temple,  
Lies a garland fresh and fair :  
Let not foul detraction trample  
On the youth who cast it there.

Ye who trust a gracious Savior,  
Come and bathe a brother's brow.  
Would ye know his past behavior,  
Ask—but do not ask it now.

To name a sufferer's misdemeanor,  
 And the contrite to condemn,  
 Is unkindler wrong and keener,  
 Than the faults we see in them.

Such as slight a brother's wailings,  
 Whom the storm hath brought to bow,  
 Whatso'er have been his failings,  
 Sure *your own* are greater now.

When the clouds of sorrow thicken;  
 Oh, avert the coming dart.  
 See the breast already stricken;  
 O, bind up the broken heart.

---

On the late tempest at Teneriffe, by which the rock on the peak was overthrown and whole villages inundated, and their flocks and herds, together with several hundreds of the inhabitants, swept into the sea in one night.

“Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones. Thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and thou destroyest the hope of man.”

Behold what sorrow in the very seat of smiles,  
 And desolation in the elysian isles.  
 This lovely valley, this enchanting clime,  
 How could'st thou enter it a second time?  
 How could'st thou seize upon this halcyon breast,  
 And stir up tumult in this isle of rest?  
 Where sat these youths enamored, and these maids,  
 'Mid bowers of orange and the olive shades.

And thou below, sweet vale of Oratava,  
 With trees of citron and with plants of guava !  
 Where the birds were singing 'mid the boughs in bloom,  
 'Tis vain to look. Thou hast met thy doom,  
 Hast bow'd in the blast,  
 And stooped full low where his wing hath past  
 O'er the waving wheat and the harvest hopes,  
 And, ripe for the vintage, the vine-clad slopes.  
 And, mixed with thy wild wailings, hark !  
 'Tis the crash—the cry of Columbia's bark,  
 That safe arrived with her gallant crew,  
 And came to lie down in the wave with you.  
 Deserted village ! how could'st thou smile,  
 Fast by the foot of that frowning pile,  
 And trust again that traitorous spot !  
 Thy former ruin, had'st thou forgot ?  
 Ill-fated people, deserted town,  
 By the fire to burn or the flood to drown.  
 And the rock that towered on thy snow-clad cone,  
 That sat like a king on his azure throne,  
 From his cold, cold height will look no more,  
 Or with Atlas talk on the distant shore.

---

To a friend sending for some scions from the  
 Cogswell place the accompanying lines were  
 written :

Strangers have stopped to praise and view  
 The gilliflower of crimson hue  
 Which sometimes tints the apple through.  
 Could I like these young branches grow,  
 And like them bud and blossom too,  
 How would I fill with fruit and flowers  
 This waste and weedy world of ours.

## THE DISJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS, AUG. 2, 1826.

Now far away with sunken ray,  
 With feeble crest and saddened way,  
 See Jove has left the star of day,  
 And bids a long, a long adieu.

While she, the queen of love, is seen,  
 With pensive eye and placid mein,  
 With silent glance she sets serene,  
 And looks her last at Jupiter.

Now without darts the queen of hearts  
 Must win her way with wily arts,  
 Increasing as her power departs,  
 And vainly looks for wonder.

And he forlorn, of glory shorn,  
 His diamond dropped at eve and morn,  
 Must go to meet the eye of scorn,  
 And war without his thunder.

---

 THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS.

Behold how fair, how passing sweet,  
 When day's obtrusive light is gone,  
 To see these lovely planets meet,  
 And thus together sailing on.

She drops her darts and sits in charms,  
 And he lays down his bolts and smiles;  
 He's no occasion more for arms,  
 And she no farther need of wiles.



ON HEARING FROM HIS FRIEND OF THE BIRTH OF A SON  
IN FLORENCE, ON THE 17TH OF JUNE, 1846.

How sweet to see such beams combine,  
As in that gem of June we find,  
And by the union more refined ;

And virtues in this vale of woes  
New beauties every day disclose,  
The only real thornless rose—

That's fair at eve and fresh at noon,  
Sparkling with diamonds ere the dawn ;  
O, that's the rose without a thorn ;

The only gold without alloy,  
The father's pride, the mother's joy,  
The beamy, bright Brunonian boy—

All in my little Tuscan seen,  
Their form and countenance and mein,  
The fair and buoyant Florentine.

Her gracious smile and graceful bow,  
His ample breast and placid brow,  
O I can see them in him now.

Sweet flower of Arno's lovely vale,  
Thy bloom, like Arno's roses, fair,  
Thy father's friend salutes thee there.

---

SWEET SYMPATHIES AWAKEN.

Addressed to Miss —, of Marblehead.

In this false scene of shadowy things,  
Each floweret still mistaken,

What charm shall draw its poisoned stings  
 Or sooth the spirit but the strings  
 Sweet sympathies awaken.

When musing deep o'er sorrow's stream,  
 Afflicted and forsaken,  
 Oh, what can break the troubled dream,  
 What but the bright celestial beam  
 Sweet sympathies awaken.

When sinking in the shades of woe,  
 And joys and hopes are shaken,  
 And every chord is faint and low,  
 And deeper yet our numbers flow,  
 How sad to be forsaken.

When dark above and deep below,  
 And every star is taken,  
 And wilder yet the tempests blow,  
 And louder still the waters flow,  
 The bark it is forsaken.

But softer skies and beams prevail,  
 And happier scenes awaken :  
 The ship, though laboring long in vain,  
 May yet her destined port attain,  
 Because she's not forsaken.

---

'TIS SWEET TO SLEEP IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

These words, as repeated by a dying friend, incidentally coming to his knowledge, he wrote as follows :

I see—I see my Savior's charms,  
 'Mid blissful forms and waving palms—

And long to sleep in Jesus' arms.  
 O what is this that thus becalms  
 My halcyon soul—that soothes—embalms?  
 I sink to sleep in Jesus' arms ;  
 No care disturbs—no weapon harms—  
 How sweet to sleep in Jesus' arms.

Thus sang the calm, departing soul  
 While treading Jordan's gentle roll,  
 While balmy breezes, fresh and bland,  
 The peaceful spirit sweetly fann'd,  
 Where silvery ripples kiss the strand  
 She grasps a smiling sister's hand,  
 And leaps upon her father land.  
 Thence borne to Eden's blissful charms,  
 Her Lord's pavilion 'midst the palms,  
 She wakes within her Savior's arms.

So sinks to rest the dying swan,  
 And sings the sweeter till she's gone—  
 So that bright star, eve's golden eye,  
 Lets down its lid as night draws nigh,  
 To lift it in the morning sky.  
 If sleep is sweet, when morn shall break,  
 In Jesus' arms what bliss to wake !

---

THE BIBLE.

To what shall I compare this book,  
 Or where to find its likeness look ?  
 To leaves that shine within a brook ;  
 To golden sands beneath the stream ;  
 To stars, that through the darkness gleam ;  
 To the sun's o'ercast and clouded beam ;  
 To voices heard 'mid ocean's roar,

To pearls that tempests cast ashore ;  
 To earth's profound and precious ore,  
 Or to the radiant gems that shine,  
 And sparkle in the Indian mine ?  
 No treasures of the earth or air,  
 Can with this blessed book compare.

---

#### TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

Addressed to Hon. J. Phillips.

While shallow brooks and slender rills,  
 Derived from rains and little hills,  
 Go tinkling on their way,  
 As if they thought their noisy thanks,  
 Would please the springs along their banks,  
 As shallow things as they ;  
*Deep rivers*, by the mountains fed,  
 Exhaustless as their fountain-head,  
 Roll silent to the sea.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF MISS JEWETT, OF ROWLEY.

In the noon-tide of love, at the mid-day of reason,  
 With her hand on her harp, and its strings all in tune,  
 She fell, 'midst the flowers and the songs of the season,  
 To sleep, as was meet, in the sweet month of June.

She has folded her wings, as a bird for her slumber,  
 Being weary but wakeful, that watches the while ;  
 So her spirit, still poisoning, looks down on our number,  
 To cheer us, as wont, with her cherub-like smile.

## TO TEACH US TO BE BROTHERS.

Mid dawning smiles and drowning tears,  
 With budding hopes and blighting fears,  
 Heaven opes her roll of mortal years,  
 To teach us to be brothers.

First sweetly breaks the vernal smile,  
 And love and beauty charm the while,  
 And social joys the heart beguile,  
 To win us to be brothers.

Then comes the gloomy winter's wail;  
 Drear sounds and chilling skies prevail,  
 And common wants and woes assail,  
 To force us to be brothers.

## A STEAM-SHIP AT SEA.

O how rapid its passage like things that have wings,  
 'Tis a great iron bird, with its pinions and springs;  
 Now sweeping the ground as if learning to fly,  
 Hereafter to mount and to traverse the sky.

They are water-birds sure, when unfledged they so seem,  
 And cut their bright paths through the crystallized gleam;  
 Napoleon-like now, with his horses and cars,  
 Like Jupiter thundering, and flaming like Mars.

## A SHIP APPROACHING THE SHORE.

That noble bark with swelling sides,  
 That through the dashing surges rides,  
 With silver masts and silken shrouds,  
 And banners bathing in the clouds;  
 It's sure a castle in the air,  
 Or some great monarch walking there.

The following is a description of the room and its furniture where the poet and his aged charge resided :

Four windows—two in front to face the sun,  
And in the south and western end, but one ;  
The fourth, o'ershadowed by a shed too near,  
Lets in no golden beams to warm and cheer :  
With crimson wainscots, dull and faded grown,  
And time-worn curtains, deeply tinged with brown—  
Thence to the ceiling, all the space between,  
A hanging, traced with flowers and berries green.  
Not quite like vernal bloom or autumn, we,  
A sort of ice-plant and a snow-ball tree.

A cherry desk—a kind of cottage shop,  
With cups and mugs and candlestick on top :  
A looking-glass ; a dumb old-fashioned clock,  
Like pale-faced nun, drest in her vesper frock :  
Two ancient pictures, clouded by the smoke,  
One, lifting Joseph, for the word he spoke,  
From out the pit intended for his grave,  
Whom God designed his chosen tribes to save :  
The after-Joseph and his wondrous wife,  
Between them leading the young Lord of Life :  
Two smaller portraits, looking younger rather,  
Good Flavel one—and one, good Cotton Mather.

---

#### DYING FOREST.

The foliage changes to a thousand dyes,  
The autumn makes its exit  
Like a graceful glorious actor,  
The maples stand like trees on fire,  
Their branches blazing, burning,  
And in flames expire.

## MEDITATIONS AND APHORISMS.

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The following meditations and aphorisms, written by Mr. Knight at different periods, will serve to illustrate the devotional character of his mind. Those most intimately acquainted with him cannot fail to discover in them the emblems of his life.

### GOOD SEED ON GOOD GROUND.

As the natural seed, cast into the earth, seems as nothing and to have no effect, but, in its time, springeth up and beareth a beautiful flower or fruit, and these pregnant with innumerable seeds, which, being again sown, will spring and do likewise—so is it with the word of God, the seed of all truth, cast and received into good and honest hearts where it may live and thrive. The natural seed, if thrown in the crevice of a rock where there is little earth or left on the open surface, cannot expand and grow; so the spiritual seed, if it fall on the flinty rock of avarice, or amid the thorns

and briars of ambition, of sensuality, jealousy, envy ; on the precipice of pride, the sandy soil of vanity, or the barren heath of indolence, or in the wilderness of entangling cares, its growth is prevented, and it is thus defrauded of its heavenly fruit.

---

#### ON MIRACLES.

What greater miracle than casting a few grains of wheat or kernels of corn into the loose earth, and seeing it in a few days covered with a green carpet or pierced and set over with sharp and yellow points, coming out at the surface, and soon headed and bearded—then changing from a bright green to a golden hue. If it be corn, we observe it surmounted with a forked spindle and girded with golden rolls larger and stronger than its own stalk—tough, sheathed with many folds. And marshalled in ranks within, around a white and light rod or cylinder, are scores of apparently the same kernels as those cast into the ground.

Does not the whole face of nature present one vast theatre of universal miracle—the surface of the earth changing its forms and colors, with scarcely less rapidity than the clouds in the canopy above. And shall we exclaim against a recorded miracle involving no more difficulty and wrapped in no greater mystery ?



## THE SOUL ELASTIC.

Is not the spirit in man elastic like the natural air? The more it is pressed the more it will sustain. We wonder that such and such a man can bear this or that. We do not consider its nature.

---

## BE CONTENT WITH LITTLE.

Is it not wisely ordered as a powerful dissuasive to inordinate desire, that we really need but *little*, and that it is so uncertain how long we shall need even that. How nature and the constitution of things accord with Scripture, and with the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

---

## A GOOSE GETTING OUT OF TROUBLE.

I saw, on returning from my work, a flock of geese driven over a wall. One was left behind and could not get over. Meanwhile the flock were stopping in the road, with heads one way, all looking at their lost companion; and he was trying to find a gap in the wall. At length he succeeded and over he toppled. Even Napoleon, returning from exile in Elba, sat not in his superb barouch with more grace and majesty; nor did the assembly who came to salute him better welcome his approach, than did this silly bird, on the

one hand, lift his wings and voice of gratulation, as he strode towards them, while the flock, on their part, with simultaneous step, marched forward to welcome him; and with outstretched necks laid their bills across his head, in exultation, as if to say,

Though man oppress thee in his hard domain,  
We're glad to take thee to our ranks again.  
We'll leave the pigmy to his sheep-shorn care,  
While our's the land, the water, and the air.

With this lesson of affection and politeness, I went on my way.

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WORDS.

What are words? No matter whose words—are they true? Words are powerful things—words are weapons; are health and strength or life and death to the body and the soul. A man about to step into a deep pit, hears the word, *beware*, from some one above or beneath; he stops and is safe. “The simple pass on and are punished.”

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LABOR BLESSED.

He that cuts his own wood is twice warmed, he that earns his own bread is twice blest. The labor procures and sweetens the food. Let him try every other method—send to the Indies for condiments, and he will fail.

## LINES WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S SAMPLER.

This little sampler here I show,  
 To prove the care my friends bestow ;  
 So be my life when I am gone,  
 A pattern worthy to be shown.

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## ALL THINGS BELONG TO GOD.

It is a great evil to look on things as *our own* and not to use them as stewards. It becomes harder for us to follow the principle of justice, owing to the predominance of *self-love* over that which we owe to him *who made us stewards*. If we only had a single eye to his interest and orders, we should not find it so hard to decide and to act in accordance with truth and justice.

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## GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

To suppose that the Almighty does not know our particular case, even our minutest wants and desires, is to suppose that we have gained some talents which he did not confer, or gathered in some vineyard which his hand had not planted, or discovered some treasure which he had not hidden.

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## CHRIST CALLING DISCIPLES.

It was while mending their nets that the two first disciples were called. What a commenda-

tion of lowly industry and economy, and what a proof that men may hope to be found of Christ when engaged in their proper vocations.

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#### OUR PROPER SPHERE OF RELIGIOUS SCRUTINY.

Without controversy, "great is the mystery of godliness," said the apostle who had been caught up into the third heavens. And shall we, who have not had these discoveries, waste the energies of mind and heart, given us to glorify God on the earth, by irreverently seeking out those secret things which belong to him, instead of seeking those things which are revealed and which belong to us? Great men are not always wise. They may look far and in straight lines and yet be surprised by something unseen behind.

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#### INVERTED ZEAL.

An active zeal abroad that is lifeless at home, is like the flame which we sometimes see issuing from the end of a stick of wood on the fire, which blazes at some distance from the wood, while all between is vapor and smoke.

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#### ABSURDITY OF RELIGIOUS SCEPTICISM.

*Controversies on the inspiration of the Scriptures*, are as if plants should dispute about the being and mode of subsistence of the *sun*, instead of growing thereby.

## TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS.

I desire to thank God for two things among other innumerable mercies ; that I can walk with pleasure while others ride, can fare pleasantly on bread and water, and wear clothing for warmth and comfort, while others every day must fare daintily and dress delicately, to satisfy (which even then they scarcely do) a depraved appetite and a false and troublesome taste. Such persons have departed from the simplicity and health of nature, and have so infected it with artificial aliments, that they hardly know the felicity of its perfect state, the admirable harmony of its healthful operation, in either body or spirit.

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## ON GIVING.

If one feels liberally disposed towards a certain object and is sure that he would give freely, then perhaps he may give less—but if he finds himself disposed to give grudgingly, then he should give more, for there is danger of the current freezing up and he must keep it open.

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## SWEET VISIONS ON A HARD PILLOW.

Though we may have a hard pillow it is only sin that can plant a thorn in it. And though it be hard and lonely we may have sweet sleep and glo-

rious visions upon it. It was when Jacob was lying on a stone that he saw the angels ascending and descending, and glorious promises were made to him.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN ALWAYS AT HOME.

The Christian is at home everywhere—always at his father's house and homestead. It matters not much whether he is in the hall or kitchen, the cellar or garret, so it be his father's home and domain; he is the same son and heir, has the same associations within, the same sky over his head, the same ground under his feet.

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#### THE VISIONARY.

Who is the visionary? Not he who sees truth which others do not see, but he who *seems* to see what is not. Who is the credulous? Not he who believes the truth, but he who believes lies.

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#### REVIVALS OF RELIGION A BLESSING.

Revivals of religion are precious things. But some say, what are the fruits? and where are they now? I ask, where are the blossoms of the last spring? Some are fallen fruitless to the ground—some have yielded fruit that is gone with the warmth of summer or the cold of winter. But shall we say they were not good in their time, and

that there are no good effects of them remaining, though we cannot follow and trace them in all their changes? If the thing is good then it is good to have it revive and flourish.

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#### PRAYER HEARD THOUGH NOT GRANTED.

Is not God's hearing prayer, like a kind father or prince, saying, I *cannot hear you in this*, my son, but I *hear you* and shall remember you when there is some gift more suitable for you and which will better advance the interest of my kingdom. Does he not lay it up and regard him as a dear child and as one to be provided for.

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#### THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

As I sat by the spring whose waters run down in the valley, on Prospect Hill, a bee and a butterfly came and passed before me. As I looked upon them, I considered their motions—how the bee, that is all body, flew much faster than the butterfly, that is all wings. I understood that it was the rapidity of the wings of the bee, which I could not see, and not of the butterfly which I could perceive.

*Moral.*—It is not the greatness of our possessions, but the diligent use of such as we have, that will best sustain and carry us forward in the business of life.

THE CLOCK AN EMBLEM OF THE MIND.

As a clock dissected will be of no use, but put together, wound up, and set aright, will number the hours—so the mind, its faculties all dispersed and prostrate, is useless ; but collected and girded up and directed aright, it will accomplish its object and fulfil its high destinies.

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SERMONIZING.

Composing sermons with the head and not with the heart, is like working at a dry pump.

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THE MOST PROSPEROUS NOT THE BEST.

It is not the most prosperous, among mankind, who are the greatest and best. They that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses ; but sages and prophets, saints, heroic hearts and gigantic intellects, have been in prisons, dungeons, and caves of the earth—in the depths of vallies—the solitude of mountains. Prosperity (says Bacon) is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity of the New. Nor has it been in honorable stations that men have been most richly gifted with strength or wisdom, or that they have been commissioned with the most important business, or have had the brightest visions of glory. It was when Moses had led his father's flock to the back side of the desert, that the angel appeared to him.



## EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE STATE.

Have we not evidence of an after-state in the misapprehensions of this—in the fruitless wishes and abortive purposes, that seem to perish in the breast without ever reaching their object?

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## BE GENEROUS, LIKE THE BROOK.

A man ought not to restrain the goodness of God to himself, but pass it on to others below and around him, as the brook does, which saturates its own bed and refreshes its grass and flowers and the mead contiguous, and passes on the surplus to do the like good to others. He who, by restraining the whole, defrauds others, thus defeats his own ends; for presently the flowers and hedges of his mead are saturated, and he finds himself offended with its unwholesome vapors and oppressed with a stagnant pond. The Lord will take it from him, or him from it, if he will not let it go.

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## FAVORS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Of what infinite value is the smallest favor, in answer to prayer, as an act of recognition and approbation from the Almighty, to a worm of earth, if we could only believe it such.

### THE SHADOWY VICTORY.

Some persons think they have overcome the world, but it is only its shadow. So children walk in the shade of a tall tree, and putting their feet on the shadow of the topmost bough, imagine they tread on the bough itself: but it is the shadow, only the shadow.

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### SELF-CULTURE.

We may read much of the learning of others and hear much of the goodness of others, but after all, it is only by much self-reflection and much self-discipline, that we become truly wise and good ourselves.

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### THE SLANDERER.

It is an old habit of mine, when I hear one slandering another, instead of joining with the slanderer, to be thinking what sort of a man he is himself. I believe it will generally be found, that he possesses abundance of the same qualities which he is condemning.

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### HINDRANCES.

As trunks and luggage are great hindrances in travelling, so large possessions are a great hindrance in advancing in the spiritual life—and so of the bed of down.

### THE HOUSE FLY.

I have contemplated the common house-fly with great admiration. Though one of the commonest of all insects, yet what an admirable piece of work; how full and substantial, yet how agile. Who can touch it with his nimble finger? What a perfect piece of machinery. How tuneful and happy. It takes itself up into the ambient air; walks up the perpendicular glass and on the under side of things, with the same apparent facility as on the floor. With its playful feet it will take up its head, as it were within its hands, roll it over and around, and throw up its feet as a duck when diving with its bill in the mud.

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### A MIRROR.

When I hear profane expressions from any one, I am accustomed to say to myself, "how vile I am. As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

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### CHRIST AS MAN.

I have sometimes thought, that we do not sufficiently consider the Savior as man—one of our fellows, excepting sin, touched with our infirmities, and interesting himself in all our little concerns. We place him beyond the pale of our sympathies

and companionship, on some higher and remote sphere whose orbit comes not within the track of ours—whose influence we cannot feel, but can only gaze, and admire its nature and lustre. Is not this an imperfect view, and of very unsalutary tendency?

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#### MENTAL GRAFTING.

Instruction is like grafting. We first see whether the stock will take the scion; and then we do not crowd in more than it can bear, and one good scion is even better than two in the limb or stock. Some minds will not take some particular science, and no mind will take all, just as no tree will bear all kinds of fruit. There must be some congeniality, and the closer the better. It is wonderful, that a small scion will change the fruit of the whole tree, like a small rudder governing the whole ship. Hence the importance of the kind of instruction we put in, seeing it is to enlist all the forces of the mind.

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#### A DEVOUT ASSEMBLY.

I should like to see,—and what a fine subject for a good painter,—an assembly of true worshippers, under the deep and sober impression of the spirit's influence, in contrast with one of our modern fashionable assemblies; and what representation could be more truly sublime? and how would it shame them and confound us to see the latter.

## IMITATION PSALM.

*Dejection.*

1. My soul is solitary in the midst of people; it is cast down, it is desolate, it is alienated from my friends, it is estranged from mine own kindred : those that were born in my father's house, they have not known me, they have lifted up the heel against me.

2. Amidst the branches, among the thick leaves, on the topmost boughs, beside the golden fruit, there they sit, yea they sing; those whom I knew in the hedges, they chirped with me in the vale, we tried our wings together.

3. There they sing, they are borne on the breeze, in the clouds; yea, in the sky their plumes rest—they glitter in the dawning light, they shine in the roseate dew;—like the lark, the lowest of all birds, whose nest is in the ground, yet doth it rise till it preventeth the dawn. It is the highest of all birds that go on wings.

4. But I sit as a sparrow on the ground; I creep into the cold wall; my dwelling is in the naked thorn.

5. Because we are separated, they are become my enemies; their eyes are holden from me; they have caused their feet to turn aside that they might eschew me; when they come upon me un-awares foolishness is in their face.

6. They look with an evil eye ; their lip is the door of deceit.

7. Because his countenance is sad and his spirit is bowed low, they say, we will lift up ourselves, he is forsaken ; wherefore do we look upon him ? it is well with us, it is well with us.

8. They sweep by me as the water brook ; they laugh among the reeds ; their voice is among the mountains.

9. They leap over the distant foam and their joy is to be joined to the ocean.

10. But my way is hedged up. The mist lighteth on my bosom. They love to hear themselves run on the pebbles ; they love not to glide upon the grass, to mark the green meadow, to bring out the flowers in the valley.

11. My voice danceth not in the sea, my song is not in the mountains. Shine, O sun ; pierce the vapor with thy ray ; scatter it with thy breath : break down the barrier—so I may add my whisper to thy power, my beam to thy splendor : as thou hast gladdened me, that I may gladden the drooping forests in my way.

12. They shall pursue my path, shall fling over me their fragrance, shall adorn my sides ; yea, even the flags and rushes shall look green at my approach, shall array themselves on my back, shall cast their leaves in my way, and be my defence and shield.

## TRIBUTE TO HIS FRIEND, N. B.

A man to love and friendship true,  
 Of liberal and enlightened view—  
 O'erprone and prompt to do his part,  
 Which proves his warm and noble heart :  
 A frugal guest, but lavish host  
 When his the trouble and the cost—  
 But when it comes upon his guest,  
 The least expense and pains the best.  
 Not very grave nor very gay,  
 He loves a pleasant thing to say ;  
 And rather of a sportive vein,  
 And partial to the poet's strain.  
 A man by nature well endowed,  
 The pride of others—but not proud—  
 And only in their praises loud.  
 Of pleasing mein and easy air,  
 Of ample forehead full and fair,  
 And threads of silver in his hair,  
 Like spices sprinkled here and there ;  
 A little relish of that age,  
 When man becomes mature and sage ;  
 Perchance of two-score years and ten,  
 For wisdom comes, if ever, then.  
 Mind that's the harvest-moon of men,  
 Precocious that which comes before,  
 Or crude or rotten at the core.

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 A FIGURATIVE ALLUSION TO SAILING DOWN THE HUDSON.

Alas ! the night for me is all too dark  
 To see to navigate my little bark ;  
 And I should sink—and, with my treasures hid,  
 Should draw more divers down than Capt. Kidd ;

Still diving after, like those divers vain,  
The more than golden treasures of my strain.

In writing his poetical epistle he is interrupted  
by the aged matron.

She calls me, and I must come down,  
"Up stairs," she cries, "are you up stairs?"  
*Which means neglecting my affairs.*  
My little parlor's in the attic,  
Or garret, to be more emphatic.  
From Pindus' top she calls me down,  
When just to bear away my crown;  
'Tis not Rhonisted's friend,\* I ween,  
Inviting to his rural green,  
Not Baldwin,\* of the land so blue,  
My gentle Hasbrouch,\* kind and true,  
'Tis no such voice that now I hear,  
That strikes my heart more than my ear.

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THE SUN.

Now the sun lifted up on high,  
Fresh from the wave behind the hill,  
Seems sailing through the azure sky,  
All else how motionless and still,  
  
Save but the leaves and waters' play,  
How moveless, yet how glowing bright—  
The dew-drops in the morning's ray  
Still sparkling with the joyous light.

Then through thy downy plume above  
We see them twinkling in thy train;  
Thou leav'st them, tokens of thy love,  
Till thou dost look on earth again.

\*He refers to his classmates.



## THE MOON.

How slow, how solemn, is thy away ;  
 Social and lovely is thy ray :  
 Not, as an earthly potentate,  
 Thou hid'st from all thy robe of state.

As one entranced I seem to lie .....  
 And live and banquet in the sky,  
 Embowered in this my azure bed,  
 With diamond mantle o'er my head.

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## ANDOVER SEMINARY.\*

Ascending once the rugged hill  
 Where science holds her fair abode,  
 And virtue's heavenly dews distil,  
 I asked what hand† these gifts bestowed.

And then, how rich this fruit of gold  
 That glows amid these living leaves,  
 To each ingenuous breast unrolled,  
 Which each aspiring hand receives.

When affluence opes her liberal hand,  
 And virtue prompts the deed of love,  
 With joy our grateful hearts expand,  
 And angels strike their lyres above.

\*Written probably in 1811, when the brother of Mr. K. was, for a short time, a pupil in the Seminary.

†Reference is here made to William Bartlett, Esq., of Newburyport, one of the founders of the Seminary, and its most munificent donor.

## A P P E N D I X.

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The following notices of the Cogswell family are from the pen of Mr. Henry Cogswell Knight, who has been briefly mentioned in the foregoing pages, as a brother of our author. Both of them published much, especially in the *Anthology* and other periodicals of their day; and both have left much which is still unpublished. Among these manuscripts is an autobiography by Henry, from which these notices of their grandparents are taken. In addition to the interest inspired by their connection with the deceased brothers, we think this little account possesses an intrinsic value which renders it worthy of publication. The entire autobiography is written with vivacity and freedom, and could not fail to interest the curious reader as at once a portrait of the man and the times. We give only the opening pages.

My maternal grandfather, Doctor Nathaniel Cogswell, of Ipswich, married Sarah Northend, of Rowley, and removed thither in early life. The

Cogswells were of Welch origin. My grandmother was descended from two of the former ministers of Rowley, Phillips and Payson; her mother and the parson of the parish were the only two who owned chaises in town, when my grandfather first went to Rowley; hers being studded all over with a firmament of brass-headed nails. My grandmother was an only child, of landed dowry; she died before my remembrance, leaving ten children. After her decease my grandfather married Lois Searle, a worthy and pious woman, who was the mother of four children; making in all fourteen. Of the latter children, one went early abroad to seek his fortune, married in London, and afterwards settled at Cape Palmas, (City of Palms,) in the Canary Isles; and another, after being graduated at Harvard University, and being two years tutor in Bowdoin College, was an acceptable and successful minister, first in the State of Maine, and afterwards in Connecticut.

My grandfather, when a young man—inheriting a good estate at Ipswich, where the “Simple cobbler of Agawam” has left the cellar of his house in my grandfather’s homestead—attended his medical studies at Boston, for four years, under a Doctor Perkins, who was at that time intimate with Dr. Franklin. Dr. Perkins was a man of minute peculiarities, which were often a theme of much pleasantry with my grandfather. Dr. P. lived, as was common in that day, almost entirely upon

broths and milk ; the rule for porridge being fifteen waters to one milk ; and to save time, the doctor would sometimes stand with his bowl in one hand and his book open in the other. He did not drink any thing at dinner for above thirty years. He would be very angry if any one of his family spoke to him whenever he appeared to be meditating ; they had broken the chain of his ideas and he must begin all over again. When he had perused a book, he extracted into a common-place all matter that he cared about remembering, and then shutting the book, said he never should want to see that book again.

In argument, he would say, tell me what is matter of fact ; as to what stands to reason, I can judge as well as another man. His "had we not better," was always to be understood as a command. He graduated a pannel of his fire-place, so that the contraction or dilatation of his bell-cord served him as a barometer. When he handled the tongs, he would always project his ring-finger so as not to rub the ring. If ever there happened a discord in the singing at church, he would take up his hat and walk out. He would never shut his front door when any one was going past, lest it might appear as if he meant to shut them out. Lest his daughters should sit a moment idle, he would have them hem a border of their handkerchiefs and then ravel it out again, as Penelope did her web. When he had taken cold

he would go out and saw wood until his blood was in a ferment, and then go in and cool himself by a small fire. In the winter, when he first entered a room, he would throw open the windows and would walk about his room for some minutes undressed before he got into bed. These whimsicalities, together with many skilful operations, which he performed by his "secret art," as he called it, made Dr. Perkins quite celebrated in his day.

While at Dr. Perkins's, my grandfather saw Dr. Franklin kill a pigeon with his new electric battery.

My grandfather, after his settlement in Rowley, did not practice physic, for which, by a natural distaste and a too great sensibility, he was ill fitted, but soon transformed the lancet into the sickle, and the drug-shop into the garner; being much better pleased to inoculate a tree than an arm, and, instead of the pulses, began to calculate seed-time and harvest. From the loathsome features of sickness he turned to contemplate the healthful features of nature. He considered agriculture as the most independent and least responsible occupation, and was delighted not only with theoretical but with practical and experimental husbandry.

Soon after he came to Rowley the apple and pear trees, in broad phalanxes or long rows of rank and file, began to rise around the few and

failing old continentals,\* that had stood sturdily so long in their strength. Indeed, although he loved to read and to talk of the ways of men, farming was his passion. I verily believe that he would have gone farther to see an uncommon bullock or an improved plough than to see the French Emperor or the Bridge of London. He delighted to busy himself in engrafting trees of a congenial nature into each other. How often have I seen him seat his tall erect frame in his arm chair, on an autumn evening, and his mild eye beam with self-complacency when he related to his little grand-children around him how he once had a pair of beautiful twin-steers, so exactly alike that he was obliged to saw off the tips of the horns of one, to distinguish them ; and then, perhaps, how he once made twenty-two and a half barrels of cider at one pressing ; and then, moreover, how he once raised eight hundred and thirty-six beans

\*The first planters of Rowley, in 1639, were undoubtedly men of wise forecast, says Thomas Gage, Esq., the historian of the town, in proof of which not one of the streets at first laid out has ever been materially altered. They were public-spirited men, and took special care to preserve fire-wood, timber, and ornamental trees, for the benefit of future generations, as may be seen by their various by-laws. Coming, as they did, from the land of John Evelyn, they brought with them some share of his love for trees, which has descended to their posterity. Some of these trees continued standing but a few years since, being protected by said by-laws, which were as follows : For the preservation of trees in the streets, ordered, that no tree in the town streets shall be cut down but with the consent of the selectmen, on penalty of five shillings. Ordered : that no person in the town shall fall, lop, or bark or girdle any tree on the north or northwest side of any house or house-lot, in the town, within eighty rods thereof, upon the penalty of five shillings for every tree so felled, lopped or girdled, contrary to this order. The penalty for cutting down trees in the town streets, was afterwards increased to fifteen shillings.

from one common yellow bean, at one growth; and finally, when past the age of man, that he counted one hundred and two stalks of bearded rye from one single grain, and one hundred and seven from another, the same season, the heads having an average of fifty-five grains each, making five thousand eight hundred and eighty-five grains from one. He then would rise and walk to the closet and produce the yellow stalks, in all their union and identity of root, and I have been pleased because he was pleased.

Although a scheming, my grandfather was not an enterprising man, but was fitter to hold and improve than to acquire. He was cautious in the extreme, always looking at the ground before he trod, and was esteemed of more than common judgment. Yet I have heard him say that, when he first set out in life, he was twice deceived, his incredulity being conquered by plausibility. In the first instance, one General Glover, as he was styled by his coadjutor, of Bakerstown, in Maine, offered him a lot of land, said to be situated in said town. He produced a map and plan of the township, pointed to number ten, said a man offered to lay it down to grass for one half of the crops, that there were some trees upon it tall enough for a forty-four gun ship's masts, and offered a regular deed, attested by one of my grandfather's own neighbors, who had formerly known the man. After so much apparent integrity, my

grandfather paid for the land a low price, but, upon application to the clerk of the proprietors' records, no such lot could be found, and the general appeared to be what he was afterwards proved, a general but genteel rogue.

In the second instance, my grandfather, in conjunction with a neighbor, purchased of one Phelps, one quarter of a new township, within the territory of New-York state, for which he paid down, however, but one hundred dollars, old paper currency, with an allowance to the man, for engaging to use his endeavors to get it incorporated. He wanted money in advance to purchase it of the Indians, and to obtain a grant of the legislature for a settlement. This Phelps was a lawyer, and at the time deceived many intelligent citizens. I do not relate these facts as a credit or discredit to my grandfather's sagacity, but as facts in his long life, which he would often bring up to his grandchildren as a warning against trusting too much to appearances.

Unlike his only brother, Colonel Cogswell of Ipswich, who had for many years served both in a military and legislative capacity, he was ever averse to public life. Indeed he was too diffident and too much oppressed by responsibility, to covet any such elevation. I have heard him say, that if he felt himself qualified and the offer were made him, he would not accept the presidency of the United States; and I believed him. Yet at the



news of Lexington fight, he equipped his horse and himself and hurried to Cambridge, where he remained until the alarm was over. But his heart and cares were all centered in home. I do not know that the radius of his travelling circuit ever extended above fifty miles from his own house. He loved tranquility and hated wars and rumors of wars, and thought that only by pride cometh contention. Still he was an independent, self-thinking man, inflexible in principle and active in beneficence.

My grandfather possessed a mathematical rather than a literary mind. So naturally did his genius bend that way, that, in his latter years, he was unweariedly trying the ingenuity of all his little grandchildren and visitors of either sex, by some query or other. He would send one to order a back-log perfectly cylindrical, and ask another for a pin equidistant in every part from a straight line. He would tell one to turn the vertical plane of the toasting iron from the north to the south, and ask another to cut for him a sector of pie of so many degrees arc. He would make little girls learn to enumerate figures as high up as decendecillions, and transform every piece of furniture in the hall into some geometrical diagram.

My grandfather was not a man of taste, had not a spark of the ethereal; no imagination, no fancy, and but little relish for the belles-lettres. He would not go twenty rods out of his course to hear the

finest oratorio or to view the most superb painting. As for poetry, he neither understood it or cared to understand it. "What profit is there in it?" he would often ask, "why I would rather have it prose; 'tis a flower garden; pretty enough it may be, but of no use. I would rather hear the surveying-chain clink than all the gingle in the world." One day he asked me what I was reading? "The Pleasures of Hope," said I. "Hope," repeated he, "hope would starve a cat." The only poetry that I ever perceived to please him at all was Dryden's Georgicks, and those he thought would be much plainer in prose, and he did not think these equal to "Bradley's Agriculture," or the "Gleanings of Husbandry." He had much practical sense; a kind of intuitive perception of what is right. In argument he would, as we say, lay hold of the handle, not of the hot end of a thing. His motto was, I wisdom dwell with prudence. He thought forbearance and charity to be the salt of society. He was ever tender of the characters of others, admiring the proverb, "If the best man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

He thought a man had better obtain a poor living by a reputable though low occupation, than a rich one by a disreputable though high profession. He regarded the procrastinator as cousin-german to the squanderer. His counsel was ever to live according to your income not according to

your principal. He was economical that he might be liberal. He was ever remarkable for extending the hand and the smile of hospitality to his numerous guests.

Throughout all his years he held fast his integrity, and was so afraid of wronging any one, that whenever obliged to sue a note, he would pay the costs himself. He thought we ought always to pay a poor man punctually, as we know not how much good it may do him, and it can incommode us but little. When he made change with a neighbor and a trifling advantage occurred, he would ever yield it. In a bargain, he was honest to scrupulosity. If selling a bushel of corn when his neighbor was not by and a few kernels dropped, he would sooner put in a whole handful than not pick up those that fell. This was not from a fear of injustice but from a sense of right. The following instance in a man past eighty may provoke a smile. When a student in Boston, he passed an apple-cart in the market, and inquiring the price the man handed him an apple to taste. He bit it and as he did not wish to buy, objected to the apple or the price and walked off eating the bitten apple. This, I have heard him say, troubled his mind for more than fifty years, and at last, as he could not know where to find the apple-man, if alive, he reckoned up the worth of the apple at compound interest, for the intervening years, amounting to above three hundred apples, and

gave them to a poor woman, telling her to pick them out herself and not to thank him for it was a debt.

He was not a proud man, but although dignified and in the presence of strangers somewhat reserved, he was fond of society and took a great interest in children who visited at his house, especially if they pleased him by answering his questions. He liked that young people should be rated rather by the embellishments of the mind than by the decorations of the body, saying, that new fashions originated in some tailor's shop, whose policy it was to multiply new coats, or with some fop, who strove to hide the poverty of his intellect by the richness of his garb. He did not yield to any changes of fashion himself unless they seemed to him more convenient.

My grandfather was a particular man in most matters. He thought it showed a want of respect to send one a slovenly written letter, as if a little pains were lost, and if he received such an one was quite offended. "What, is not my time as valuable as his, that I must spell an hour or two to decypher his characters? He would never leave his name on a blank paper or leave a space above, on signing any bond, lest it should tempt some one to forge a note upon him. He erected a large granary upon a plan then his own, though not now uncommon, to prevent the mice from entering. He used to brand his horses' hoofs and his

oxen's horns with his initials. He never borrowed any implement of husbandry or edge tools, but kept of every kind for himself, and was ever free to lend, provided they were punctually brought back. If any uncouth neighbor returned his great steelyards or his wire trap as large as a bird-cage, and forgot to thank him for the use of them, he would give him a good-humored reproof, by thanking him for bringing them back. His garden also used to furnish half the parish with garden seeds.

He was a singularly temperate man. That his food might digest nutritiously, his rule was always to leave off eating with a good appetite. He took no ardent spirits; he said, that for fifty years he did not know that he had taken half a dozen glasses of distilled liquors. He had no patience to hear that a man could not break off his old habits of intemperance if he chose to do it, and used to propose various methods to wean a toper insensibly.

My grandfather was a humane master, and with his family took untiring pains to ingrain his servants into all serviceable handicrafts and christian morals. Of his colored servants I shall note but two, although he had many in the course of his life. Soon after his settlement in Rowley, he bought in Boston from a Guinea ship, for one hundred dollars, a little black boy about seven years old, whose African name was Coquie. Having brought him home late in the evening

unexpectedly, and there being no pallet in readiness for him, he was laid down in a blanket before the kitchen fire. In the morning he was found snug behind the back-log, in the embers seemingly dead. His African name was changed to Peter.\* He was very faithful and had his freedom granted him a little before slaves were freed by law in Massachusetts.

One abiding grief to my grandparents, in the decline of life, was the continued absence of their son in a foreign land. At the time he left home I was a little lad, but I used afterwards to delight to contemplate his miniature in the parlor amid the encircling evergreen, and to hear that he was called by the poor, the king of the Island. Previous to his settlement in Grand Canary, he had almost traversed the world in his enterprises, and during his years of absence had, at various times and from different countries, sent home to his parents and friends many tokens of remembrance. He had acquired a fortune and his noble emulation and perseverance deserved great commendation; being the unaided artificer of his own success, he might feel a double independence. On his return to this country he purchased the fine seat built by Perez Morton, in Dorchester, which he afterward sold and removed to New York.

\*He lived to very advanced age, and during the latter years of his life received an annuity from Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. His life was uniformly exemplary and his death was peaceful and happy.

In a life of domestic retirement few events occur in which a stranger would sympathize, to interrupt the monotony of years. After my grandfather became an octogenarian, he used to read Locke, and was able to superintend his twin-fold estate, in Rowley and Ipswich. During his last years, he was subject to sudden illnesses, and was nursed by his youngest daughter with more than Grecian constancy. A little before he died, as he was one day coming across the road from viewing his gillyflower trees, leaning on my arm, he said, with a melancholy tone which pierced my heart, "How old I am!" I soon saw his countenance placid and majestic in death.

The key-stone that had so long kept the family together was fallen.

He died at the age of eighty-three, having performed all the varied moral duties of social and domestic life with the most scrupulous integrity and benevolence. We believe that it may with truth be said of him, that he lived not only without an enemy, but that all his acquaintances felt towards him a reverential regard.

His virtues were of the retiring and conciliatory kind; his affections were centered in home, where he was peculiarly endeared to his family.

He was born from one of the oldest and most respectable families in Ipswich, and his memory will long be cherished.

His remains were conveyed to the village bury-

ing-ground, and followed by a numerous train, to pay the last tribute to their aged relative, counsellor and friend.

It has been said, in the preceding pages, that the early settlers of Rowley were men of wise forecast; we are induced to add a further passage drawn from Gage's History of Rowley.

The founder of the first church in Rowley, Rev. Ezekial Rogers, was a native of Wethersfield, England. He received his education at Cambridge University, and officiated for some years as Chaplain in the learned, pious, and accomplished family of Sir Francis Barrington, who bestowed upon him the benefice of Rowley, in Yorkshire. Here he lived and labored with great fidelity and usefulness, until compelled, by the penalties of ecclesiastical law, to flee to New England. Many respectable families of his own flock, some of them of good estate, emigrated with him; and he was commissioned by many persons of rank to find for them also a location in New England, where they could worship the God of their fathers without molestation. In the year 1638, he arrived with his little company, and selected that part of the forest lying between Ipswich and Newbury, as more eligible in point of extent and affording greater facilities to those who should follow. After a few intervening months, being joined by others, their settlement was commenced, and they



labored together for nearly five years, no one owning any land separately. It was at first called "Rogers' Plantation," but afterward received the name of Rowley, accorded to it by the pastor and his flock.

Thus this venerable man and his band of sixty families were soon busily employed in lighting up the wilderness,—erecting log houses as a shelter from the storm in the midst of the dense forest where this pleasant village is now located.

So eminent were the puritans, and so eminent are their *genuine* descendants, as to make the attainment of a place of worship the object of their first concern. This was probably accomplished in the year 1639, as is implied in an order of the General Court.

"What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—

They sought a *Faith's pure shrine.*"











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